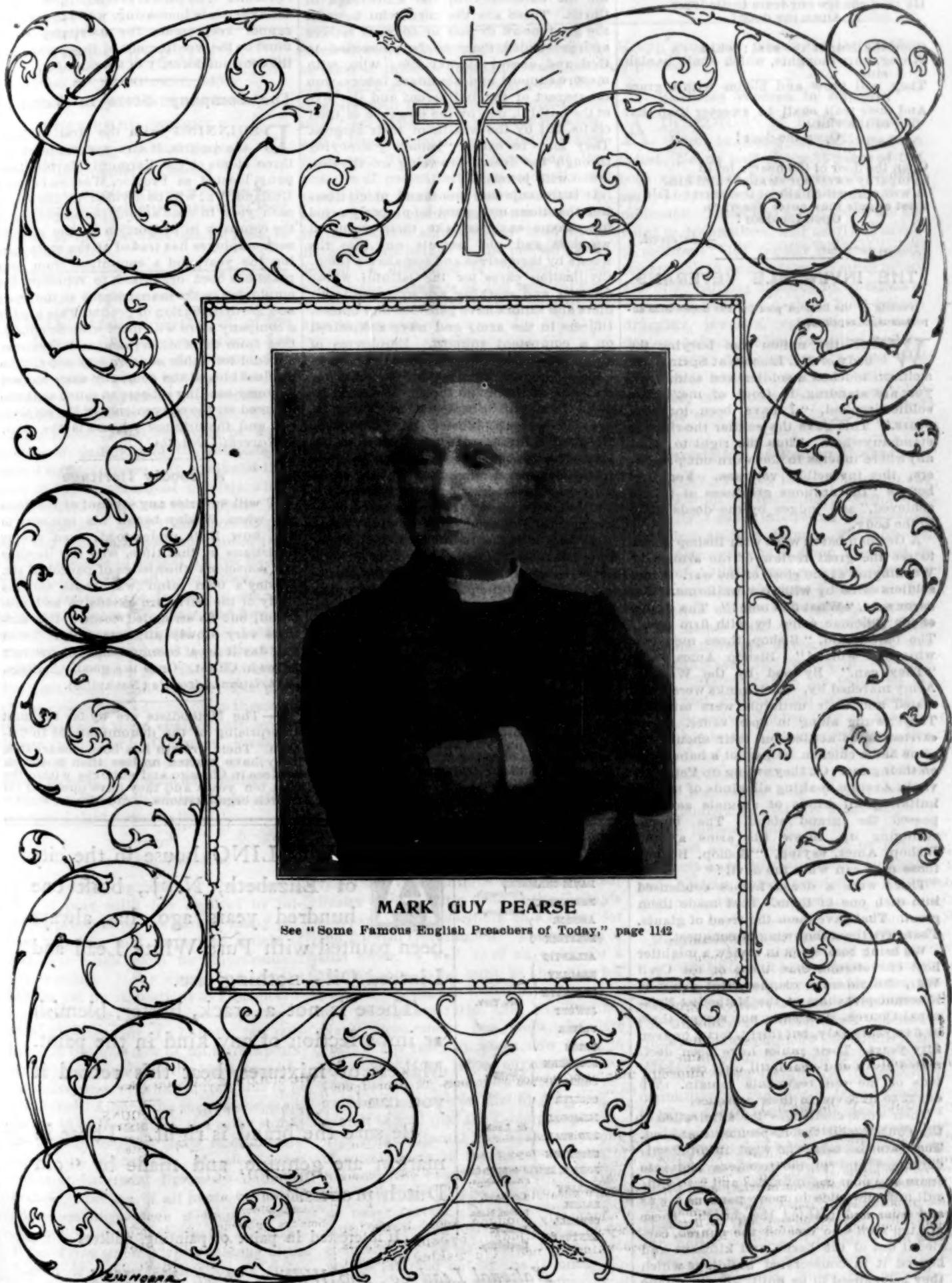


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Zion's Herald

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1903



MARK GUY PEARSE

See "Some Famous English Preachers of Today," page 1142

OPEN THE DOOR

Open the door: let in the air!
The winds are sweet and the flowers are
fair.
Joy is abroad in the world today;
If our door is wide open, it may come this
way.
Open the door!

Open the door: let in the sun!
He hath a smile for every one.
He hath made of the raindrops gold and
gems;
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul: let in
Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish
sin.
They will grow and bloom with a grace
divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that
of the vine.
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart: let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door!

—Selected.

THE INVINCIBLE VETERANS

[Portion of the Bishops' plea for the necessitous su-
perannuates, reprinted.]

WHEN the nation was burying the body of Mr. Lincoln at Springfield a citizen touched a soldier and said, "Sir, you are standing in front of me." The soldier replied, "I have been for four years." This gave the soldier the right to stand anywhere. Thus the right to stand anywhere inheres in the worn-out preachers, the invincible veterans. For God honors "the arduous greatness of things achieved," and judges by the deeds done in the body.

A German baron went with Bishop Ames to see the great review of the armies in Washington at the close of the war. Some soldiers came by with new uniforms. The baron said, "What fine men!" The Army of the Potomac came by with firm tread. The baron said, "Bishop, those men can whip the world!" Bishop Ames said, "They can." By and by the Western Army marched by. Their ranks were decimated and their uniforms were tattered. They swung along in open order. Some carried mess-kettles on their shoulders; some had a chicken or part of a ham hung on their guns. On they swung up Pennsylvania Avenue, making all kinds of noises, imitating all kinds of animals as they passed the grand stand. The baron, springing up, threw his arms around Bishop Ames, saying, "Bishop, Bishop, those men can whip the devil!"

There were a dozen heroes condensed into each one of them. That made them great. That gave them the tread of giants. That gave them the swing of conquest.

We bring before you in review a mightier host of veterans than those of the Civil War, the veterans of the great army of itinerant preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who have not served three or five years only, but thirty, forty, or even fifty years. Their ranks have been decimated again and again, till only the skeletons of the old regiments remain. We ought to uncover in their presence.

Their work challenges the admiration of the church and the respect of mankind. These are the men who went into the wildernesses and to the frontiers and into sparse and poor communities and into difficult mission-fields in poor parts of towns and cities and planted the church. These are the men who created the church, carried it out of the barns and kitchens and housed it in consecrated buildings which they had caused to be built. These are the

men who by their songs and prayers and exhortations kindled the fires of revivals, gave to the societies new strength, and to the church honorable footing in the communities. These are the men who, hearing the voice of God, turned their back on ferment, often left lucrative engagements, stopped their ears to the promises of ambition and their eyes to the allurements of luxury, and took up the burdens of an itinerant life, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. These are the men who brought the good news to you or to your fathers and persuaded them to be reconciled to God and accept eternal life; who, with meagre support and abundant labors, won the respect of the indifferent and the love of the faithful, not by the elegance of their crafts, but by the wealth of their cargoes. They may be called "camels journeying through the desert browsing on thistles, laden with jewels."

It is the supreme command of civilization that these men must be properly cared for. Some savages take their worn-out warriors and old parents out into the woods by themselves and tomahawk them. Civilization cares for the faithful whose fighting and working are over. Old soldiers and sailors have pensions and homes. Officers in the army and navy are retired on a competent support. Employees of great railroads and of great business houses have an annuity or pension. It is the demand of civilized life that these should be cared for and made comfortable.

God has greatly blessed us as a church. No good thing has He withheld from us. Experience of conscious salvation, evident spiritual power among men, unprecedented increase of members, doctrines that we can and but little need to defend, a large place in the public esteem, and very many comforts and luxuries in most of our homes and abounding wealth in many of our homes—all of these are among the countless blessings of the past century, for which we wish to express our gratitude to God by a suitable thank-offering. While we are doing much for our worn-out preachers, it is borne in upon us that we are able to do much more.

With this effort to increase the endowment funds for the just and comfortable support of these invincible veterans we ask your sympathetic, prompt, and efficient cooperation. Upon you and upon your work we invoke the blessing of Almighty God.

By order and in behalf of the Board of Bishops.

J. N. FITZGERALD, Secretary.

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National Lead Co., 100 William Street, New York.

Cost of Newspaper-Making

From the *Lowell Citizen*.

THE cost of newspaper-making grows yearly. It is astonishing that publishers find themselves able to go on, as every element of production is increasing the expense. Every large business complains of the tendency, and the publisher has not escaped. It is no wonder that papers in overcrowded fields fall by the roadside. The pace is fast and furious, and the expense is increasing, while the income cannot keep pace. The inevitable result must be the weeding out of the weaker and the continuance only of the stronger.

The Company Store in Vermont

BEGINNING with the first of May, the profits, if any are made, of the three stores of the Vermont Marble Company, located at Proctor, West and Centre Rutland, Vt., will be divided at the end of each year in cash among the employees of the company in proportion to the amount each employee has traded at the store during the year, and a committee from each plant has been organized to represent the employees in the management of the store and the distribution of profits. This kind of a company store will meet with no opposition from the workingmen, and furnishes a model for other concerns to copy. The original idea of the company store was not a money-making scheme so much as it was planned for the convenience of the employees, and the original scheme is the ideal.

—*Haverhill Gazette*.

A Goodly Heritage

IT will surprise any student of the times when Wesley began his ministry to find how little understood, even among Christians at that time, was the doctrine of a conscious knowledge of pardoned sin. Wesley's own mind was acute and his study of the Scripture extensive and profound, but he struggled toward this doctrine very slowly and painfully. Yet in our day it is a commonplace of the very babes in Christ. Ours is a goodly heritage.

—*Christian Advocate* (Nashville).

—The Methodists are by far the most enterprising of the denominations in Chicago. Their growth has been remarkable. They have erected no less than 80 church edifices in Chicago and suburbs within the past ten years and they have now over 150 church organizations. —*Standards*.

Zion's Herald

Volume LXXXI

Boston, Wednesday, September 9, 1903

Number 36

ZION'S HERALD

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

Indian Department Scandal

SPECIAL AGENT BROSIUS, of the Indian Rights Association, has brought charges which, if corroborated, show a state of affairs in the Indian Department in comparison with which the postal scandal seems almost small. These charges affect 20,000,000 acres of land, millions of dollars, and the interests of some 400,000 Indians. It is alleged that some of the Government officials whose business it is to protect the Indians from "land sharks," have themselves formed land and oil companies and utilized their official positions to despoil the red men of their lands. The land companies, it is charged, induced the Indians in one way or another to part with their land for next to nothing. Many territorial office-holders, it is claimed, have placed themselves in a position where their personal interests conflict with their public duties. The press of the country is calling for a thorough investigation of these charges both by the Indian Office and by Congress. President Roosevelt fortunately takes a great personal interest in questions affecting the welfare of the Indians, and is certain to insist on a rigid investigation.

Pure Milk Problem

THE general agitation of the question of pure milk has resulted in improved practices on the part of many persons handling that important article of food, but much room for improvement still remains. Many cities and towns have as yet no regulations at all concerning milk. The Agricultural Department devotes a large part of a bulletin just published to the question of milk transportation, and declares that the ideal vessel for the conveyance of milk still remains to be discovered. Among the suggestions made for the improvement of the milk supply the bulletin includes these recommendations — the registration of all dairies, official endorsement of properly conducted dairies, inspection of all herds, barns and dairy buildings once a month, better lighting, ventilation, drainage, and cleanliness of cow stables, whitewashing of the interior of stables, eradication of tuberculosis from dairy herds, branding of con-

demned cows, pasture for city cows, aeration of milk in pure air, prompt cooling of milk and holding it at a low temperature until final delivery, shipment of milk from farms promptly after milking, and delivery of milk and cream in sealed packages. The bulletin notes that the practice of pasteurization is gradually extending, but points out that much milk is sold with the claim that it has been pasteurized which actually has been more harmed than helped in the process; and, indeed, a difference of opinion exists among the members of the medical profession as to the expediency of pasteurization in any case.

Turkish Navy Obsolete

THE Sultan of Turkey possesses no first-class, modern war vessels. All his ships, with the possible exception of one, are old and lacking in speed, strength and armament. Most of them lie at anchor rusting in the waters of the Golden Horn, more properly to be called the Muddy Horn. The best ship of the Ottoman Navy at present is the "Messoudieh," built originally in 1874 and rebuilt in Turkey in 1901 — an iron battleship with twin screws and a maximum speed of 17.5 knots, and an armament consisting of two 9½-inch breech-loading guns, twelve 6-inch rapid-fire rifles, and various lesser and lighter guns. The Sultan's next best fighting ship is the "Hamidieh," built in 1885, which is an ancient date for a man-of-war. Many boats of the Turkish Navy were built as long ago as 1864. Although some of these vessels have been reconstructed, few of them are of any fighting value. A modern battleship possessed of very effective armament — on paper — has been "building" for so many years at Constantinople that if the present rate of construction holds, the vessel will be an antique when completed. Faster work is being done at the Cramp's shipyard in Philadelphia on a cruiser for the Turkish Government. The placing of that order, as well as of an order for a similar ship to be built at the Elswick yard in England, constitutes the only real piece of enterprise that the Turkish Navy Department has shown of late years. The rusty squadron now lying in the Golden Horn, whose engines have not been turned for perhaps a decade, are relics from the reign of Abd-ul-Aziz, and it cannot be said that the timid though cunning Abd-ul-Hamid has added anything of consequence to the naval defenses of his suffering country, with the exception of a new imperial yacht or two, on which he never travels. In the event of war with Turkey the real difficulties to be encountered by an advancing foreign fleet will be afforded not by the Ottoman flotilla, but by the torpedoes, mines, and

Krupp guns with which the Dardanelles is guarded.

Business Women in Boston

A DIRECTORY of business women living in Boston has just been published. Nearly half of the 82 pages of the book are devoted to teachers — who generally prefer to be regarded as members of a profession. Three and a half pages are devoted to dressmakers, and nearly as many to milliners; 105 regular medical practitioners, and 18 women lawyers are enrolled. The other callings followed by numbers of women include ice-dealers, book-sellers, druggists, jewelers, confectioners, coal-dealers, bakers, grocers, furniture dealers, and florists. There are five women dentists, two women conduct laboratory kitchens, one woman is a paperhanger, and one sells junk.

Description of Roman Horses

EXCAVATIONS recently made in the Forum at Rome have been bringing to light some interesting memoranda regarding ancient Roman life. Among these discoveries is a stone inscribed in honor of Avilius Teres, a chariot-driver of the time of the Emperor Domitian. The inscription on the stone gives the names of the horses with which Avilius Teres won his triumphs in the arena, and also the birthplaces and colors of the fine steeds. Eighty names are found on the stone, and include such designations as Wolf, Sparrow, Robber (not an inappropriate name for a Roman charger), Bee, Dove, Pearl, Emerald, Eagle, Red Fox, the Most Lucky One, Dagger, and Desolator. Naturalists will be interested in the circumstance that the great majority of the horses named on the stone are described as "Africans." In only single instances have Spanish, Gallic, Thessalian and Ætolian horses assisted the famous Avilius to win in the arena.

Responsibility of Trolley Officials

A TRIAL which may have far-reaching consequences in defining the responsibility for the lives of travelers of the directors and other high officials of trolley lines throughout the country, has been in progress this past week in Newark, N. J. The members of the executive committee of the North Jersey Traction Company were indicted for manslaughter in connection with a distressing trolley accident which occurred last February, at which time several school children were killed at a railroad crossing. Among the parties indicted were President A. J. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the noted capitalist Crimmins of New York, and several millionaires of prominence in Newark. There has never be-

fore been a case in American courts quite the parallel of this, which has been watched with interest by lawyers everywhere. On its issue hangs the determination of the constructive responsibility for negligence of railroad officials who are not in immediate contact with the operation of a road. This particular indictment was limited, however, to the directors, who are members of the executive committee of the company. The judge was asked, on the conclusion of the hearing of testimony, to direct the jury to bring in a verdict of "Not guilty," but, instead of denying the motion immediately, reserved his decision on this application of the counsel for the defense. After deliberation the court ordered the indicted officials acquitted.

Production of Quicksilver in 1902

ACCORDING to a report just presented to the United States Geological Survey, the production of quicksilver in the United States during 1902 amounted to 34,451 flasks of about 76 pounds each, valued at over \$1,500,000, as compared with 29,727 flasks valued at \$1,382,305 in 1901. California contributed the greater part of the output — 29,199 flasks — and Texas 5,252 flasks. Oregon reported no production of quicksilver during 1902. California has produced nearly the entire output of quicksilver in the United States, the quantity produced by that one State since 1850 amounting to nearly two million flasks. An active development of the quicksilver industry is taking place in Texas. The exports of quicksilver from the United States for 1902 amounted to 18,247 flasks, of which 8,918, valued at \$383,578, went out of the port of San Francisco, a large proportion going to Hong Kong.

"Promotion" of Minister De Witte

M. DE WITTE, who has made a great reputation for himself as the Russian Minister of Finance — and is a strong advocate of peace, on the ground of the economic extravagance of war, if for no better reason — has been "promoted" to the position of president of the Committee of Ministers, a small body which is said to be the administrative instrument of the empire. This committee should be distinguished from the Council of State, which is a larger body, presided over by a member of the royal family. In Russia, which is theoretically an autocracy, there has never been a prime minister, in the English or French sense, and there is no such thing as collective ministerial responsibility. It does not appear, as a matter of actual fact, that the president of the Committee of Ministers possesses much power, or at any rate more power than have the other members of that body, and the opinion has been freely expressed that M. De Witte, despite his brilliant services as Minister of Finance, has fallen in position and prestige by the change. If so, the incident may have far-reaching consequences as respects the peace of the world. It looks as though the star of the reactionary M. Plehve were now in the ascendant. In order to clear up the matter satisfactorily, additional information from St. Petersburg is required — information which the secretive Russian

bureaucrats may be in no hurry to supply to the inquisitive press of the Continent and America.

Cayman Islands Storm-swept

THE first rumors of wide destruction as the result of a hurricane which visited the Cayman Islands, Aug. 11, have been confirmed. Although precise details are lacking, it appears that Grand Cayman was very generally storm-swept, nearly two hundred houses in Georgetown alone being broken down, many vessels destroyed, and numbers of seamen drowned. The total loss of life in the islands may amount to many hundreds. The hurricane is said to have attained a velocity of one hundred miles an hour. Trees that withstood the storm of 1876 went down like ninepins. It is feared that Little Cayman and Cayman Brac have been swept clean. The Cayman Islands, which consist of Grand Cayman, about seventeen miles long and from four to seven miles wide, Little Cayman and Cayman Brac, are in latitude 19 degrees north off the south coast of Cuba, and between that island and Jamaica. They are part of the British West Indies, and the British Government has displayed a liberal policy toward them, particularly in the line of education. Life on the islands has hitherto been characterized by an entire absence of poverty among the 10,500 inhabitants. The survivors of the storm are now in great distress, and appeal for help.

Fact and Fable about Radium

THE discovery of radium has, in the imagination of many reporters and even so-called scientists, been linked and overloaded with a good many apocryphal legends and marvelous statements of possibilities which represent shrewd guesses rather than proved fact. Radium is a metal belonging to the barium series, and existing in very minute quantities in association with other substances. It has never been obtained in a metallic state, or even been seen or handled. It is known only by the throwing off of light, heat, X-rays, cathode rays, and a rain of infinitesimal material particles from specimens of other substances with which it occurs. A chemically pure specimen of radium chloride, which is the simplest form in which radium has yet been found, has been obtained, from which the atomic weight of the new element is computed at 225. The metal has very little practical use, so far as has been proved as yet, and its greatest importance lies in its giving a new point of departure for physical and chemical theory. Its discovery has stimulated the making of fresh attempts at testing common materials with a view to the discovery of new possibilities in them. One of the prettiest of experiments is the making of a photograph of some radium chloride which by its own light takes a picture of itself and the sealed test-tube which contains it. Besides the X-rays and the cathode rays, radium appears to have a third radiation consisting of minute material corpuscles moving at a very high rate of speed — a form very important because of its bearing upon the theory of the whole circle of radiations, and especially because it sug-

gests modifications of present theories of the stability of the atom and of matter in general. Radium possesses the further properties of causing suitable substances to become phosphorescent, and of making substances on which its radiations fall to become radio-active in their turn. What have been called "body rays," however, appear to be simply induced radiations from the body of an operator who may have been using an X-ray machine. The inference of a hypnotic activity in the rays is premature and misleading. The value of radium for therapeutic uses — as in the treatment of cancer — if it possesses any such utility, is as yet largely undetermined. Radium has already furnished the basis of many illusive conjectures, and caution both in theorizing regarding it and in practically using it is advisable.

London Transportation Problem

THE greatest city in the world is now wrestling with the problem of transportation. In all the two thousand years of its history London has undergone few, if any, changes comparable in magnitude to those now impending with a view to the improvement of the means of locomotion. Within ten years it is expected that it will be possible to carry a dozen millions from point to point in Greater London with more ease and speed than half that number can travel today. Underground London will be honeycombed with tubes and galleries, crisscrossing each other at every angle, and constituting in fact a subterranean electric city. The London County Council, backed by Parliament and a royal commission, is now engaged in studying the details of an elaborate scheme which has in view the adjustment and development of surface traffic, shallow underground systems, deep underground electric lines, horseless carriage routes above ground, and motor roads leading far out of the metropolis. An elevated motor highway has even been suggested as a possibility. As a result of these changes, it is inevitable that the area of London will greatly widen, and it is hoped that the vast population, now pent-up, will reap untold benefits by the proposed improvements in locomotion.

International Yacht Races

THE races which have just been concluded between "Shamrock III.," the challenger for the America cup, and the defender "Reliance," both being entirely new boats, built on the best patterns and equipped with every "up-to-date" device known to yachtsmen, have illustrated yachting at its best and cleanest, measurably free from betting, drinking, and other indulgences too often associated with that sport. "Shamrock III." was the twelfth challenger for the cup, and her owner, Sir Thomas Lipton, has deservedly won the good opinion of Americans for his pluck, energy, fairness, and composure under defeat. "May the best boat win!" has been the prevailing sentiment on both sides from the start. It is generally confessed that the "Reliance" is far and away the best boat for speed, however pretty the "Shamrock" may be as a work of nautical art. It is admitted, too,

that Mr. Herreshoff, as a designer of yachts, is very considerably in advance of the designers on the other side of the Atlantic. In average yachting weather the defender proved far superior to the challenger. The races attracted wide attention both in England and in this country. The fact that "Shamrock III." failed to win a single one of the races has caused deep dejection in London, but has not proved a cause of undue boasting on the part of American yachtsmen. Sir Thomas Lipton was given full proof, at the banquet held in his honor last week in New York, that Americans appreciate his sterling good qualities, and, if they cannot consent to his taking the cup with him as he returns, are anxious to load him down to the gunwale with their sentiments of respect and their cordial good wishes.

President Roosevelt on Labor

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT made a noteworthy address, on Labor Day, at the New York State Fair in Syracuse, before a great multitude. He discussed the delicate problems of capital and labor with marked good judgment, and yet with characteristic frankness, giving discriminating justice to each. It was a statesmanlike utterance, carrying information and light through the press to our people of all classes, and must serve an excellent end. The following paragraph is a good illustration of the spirit and thought of the address :

"We can keep our government on a sane and healthy basis, we can make and keep our social system what it should be, only on condition of judging each man, not as a member of a class, but on his worth as a man. It is an infamous thing in our American life, and fundamentally treacherous to our institutions, to apply to any man any test save that of his personal worth, or to draw between two sets of men any distinction save the distinction that marks off those who do well and wisely from those who do ill and foolishly. There are good citizens and bad citizens in every class as in every locality, and the attitude of decent people toward great public and social questions should be determined, not by the accidental questions of employment or locality, but by those deep-set principles which represent the innermost souls of men."

Nomination of Major Vardaman

MAJOR VARDAMAN, who has announced that he believes in limiting the public money to be expended in Mississippi for the education of black children to the amounts which the blacks themselves pay into the State treasury, has met with success in the "second primaries," on the Democratic ticket, which is considered to be equivalent to an election as governor. Mississippi enjoys at present the unenviable reputation of standing forty-fifth in the scale of general enlightenment. The school enumeration of 1900 showed over 351,000 persons, or nearly a quarter of the whole population, who were illiterates. Major Vardaman will, if elected, do his best to deprive a multitude of colored children of all opportunity to learn anything calculated to elevate them in the scale of citizenship,

on the ground that education would spoil them for the lower forms of service for which alone in his opinion they are fitted. This threat to establish a new slavery—the domination of ignorance—has been received in blind terror by large classes of the colored people, many of whom suppose that they are to be driven back into actual bondage. The Legislature of Mississippi will probably interpose a check on the Vardaman program, which none the less has stirred up criticism and resentment far beyond the bounds of the State over which the Major will probably soon be elected Governor.

Crisis in Turkey

IN Turkey the situation continues to be obscured in fog, not indeed constituted of the rolling battle-clouds, but a mist born of the lies and exaggerations of partisans on both sides. The controversy is at heart a tri-lateral imbroglio, as the Greeks and the Bulgarians have for years been employing Macedonia as a field for secret political and ecclesiastical intrigue, each nationality trying to win that province ultimately for its own, and each hating the other as cordially as the Turks hate both peoples. A Bulgarian organ professes to possess a copy of a secret treaty between Russia and Bulgaria which ensures a defensive alliance in the event of war, and the statement of that organ is published to the world as a distinct warning to Turkey not to advance on Bulgaria with her big force of 400,000 soldiers now under arms. Much more is going on under the surface of affairs in the East than the world is allowed to know. It is asserted that dissension exists among the counselors of the Sultan. Abd-ul-Hamid himself has been making some fair promises of peace and prosperity which have little actual value beyond the walls of the Yildiz Palace, which just now is guarded by two generals, four colonels, eight captains, and a hundred soldiers as a kind of an inner body-guard, each man of this force receiving special extra pay for his services in watching the others. The American squadron has arrived in Beirut, and its approach has had a salutary effect in toning up the waning American influence in the East, although no war vessels have yet proceeded to Constantinople itself, despite a report, not yet unconfirmed, that the presence of marines is urgently needed at the capital. The condition of affairs throughout the whole Turkish empire is decidedly unsettled, and at any time a general conflagration may be precipitated. Bulgaria continues to maintain a position of neutrality with respect to Macedonia, although the Turks are waging what is practically a war of extermination in that province, the work of slaughter not being confined to the Bashibazouks, but being also prosecuted by the "Nizam," or regular soldiery. Minister Leishman is awaiting the receipt of a report from the Turkish Government with reference to the assault made upon Vice-Consul Magelssen at Beirut. Most of the foreign embassies in Constantinople are now protected by sailors from the guardships ordinarily stationed in the Bosphorus. The plight of the survivors of the massacres in Macedonia is said to be most horrible, many of the wretched Christians

being compelled to subsist on grass and water.

FACTS WORTH NOTING

Excitement was caused at Sagamore Hill about midnight last Tuesday by the entrance into the grounds of a man with dangerous intent, who was quickly apprehended by the secret service men guarding the President, and locked up before he did any harm. The man is considered to be crazy.

Before leaving Washington Secretary Root issued an order that the highest honor men from the leading six colleges where army officers are detailed as military instructors shall be eligible to appointment as second lieutenants in the regular Army.

The German Minister of the Interior has re-issued an old decree forbidding public exhibitions of hypnotism, on the ground that such proceedings are injurious to the subjects hypnotized.

President Diaz of Mexico recently issued an order that commercial relations with China should be temporarily suspended during the prevalence of cholera and bubonic plague in certain sections of that country. The China-Commercial Steamship Company, which operates a line of steamers between Manzanillo and Hongkong, is making strenuous objection to this order. There are upwards of 20,000 Chinamen employed in various industries directed to the development of Mexico. The steamship company not only brings new laborers to Mexico, but has also built up a considerable trade between the two countries.

Four persons were killed outright and numbers were injured as the result of a head-on collision last Sunday between two cars on the Hudson, Pelham and Salem electric railway near Pelham Centre, N. H. The cause of the disaster is said to have been a misunderstanding of orders. A car from Canobie Lake, running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, met on a curve a car coming from Nashua at even a greater rate of speed. The cars came together with a crash that resembled the report of a field-piece.

William Lindsay, at present a resident of London, where he has made a large fortune, has presented, in memory of his father, to the city of Fall River, a useful memorial in the form of the William Lindsay School of Draughting and Designing. The building with its equipment, which is to cost \$100,000, will be an adjunct of the Bradford Durfee Textile School. It will provide facilities for widening the scope of the latter, and will enhance the industrial possibilities of the community. It is hoped in Fall River that this school will prove to be an effective instrument in enabling New England to meet the growing competition of the South in the line of textile manufacturers.

A German sergeant and six privates were recently arrested for treason at Metz. They have confessed that they stole two bombs, with the new secret fuses attached, for an agent of France.

The thirty years' war which the Dutch have conducted with the Achinese, at a total cost of \$200,000,000, and with a semi-privacy remarkable in this age of the world, has been concluded in favor of the Dutch, the principal sultan and sole remaining contestant having recently laid his turban at the feet of the Dutch authorities, thus terminating the last stage of the long struggle with perhaps as much real glory to the patriotic Achinese as to the foreigners who would impose a yoke upon the independence-loving savages.

A THRILLING INCIDENT

FEW more thrilling incidents have occurred than the experience of the crew and passengers of the schooner, "Henry P. Mason," which in the recent terrible gale foundered off the Jersey coast in consequence of striking a submerged wreck. Taking to the yawl, the survivors were exceedingly tossed with the tempest for a good part of a night and a day. They were only rescued at length by making fast to the pole of a fish-pound until the steam tug "Navigator," with the plucky yachtsman, C. Oliver Iselin, aboard, who showed himself not a mere sport, but a daring hero, towed a life-boat outside of Sandy Hook in the awful sea. After two hours' strenuous work the rescuers "came by" the yawl and took off the occupants of that frail boat, which seemed to the onlookers from the shore at every moment to be about to sink in the billows never to rise again. The especially thrilling circumstance was the fact that during the awful tempest and darkness of the night, one of the two women in the yawl, Mrs. Chester Grover, of Tenant's Harbor, Maine, did her utmost to cheer up the imperiled seamen. As the wind howled and the seas broke over the little boat, requiring constant bailing, the woman began to sing. She sang the songs that the men had heard in their boyhood days — songs of hope and good cheer, songs that were written to make men and women forget trouble and disaster — and as she sang (the men now and then cheering at the conclusion of some particularly inspiring strain) the almost despairing mariners were heartened and their muscles became the tenser and their exertions the more telling as they fought the furious billows. It is a curious coincidence that this terrible tossing which twelve unconquerable persons received in the darkness of the night occurred off Galilee, New Jersey.

A LIVING THEOLOGY

THE prime failing of modern theology is not that it is "old" or "new," but that it is "immortal in our libraries and dead in our lives." It does not actually take hold on the life of the community and become the supreme sanction of all economic, social and moral activity. So soon as it does this, it becomes a living theology. Take the simple, fundamental facts of the Christian theology — the fatherhood of God, the fraternity of men, the saviourhood and mastership of the living Christ — and imagine them really getting hold of the individual and corporate life of any community. The impurity and injustice of social and business relations would be done away. The man who cheats another simply does not believe in God; for the time being he is an atheist, and there is no other explanation of his fault. The scandals of every neighborhood would disappear like the darkness before the sun's coming if every member of the community possessed a living theology. No person who really believes in the simplest propositions of the Christian theology can make his chief ambition a worldly one, strive to gain all he can and give as little as he can, or for one moment enter the great throng of those who gamble. Such a person may

think he believes the Christian theology, but he does not; his theology is dead because it is not set into relations with his life.

The kingdom of God, for whose coming men pray in the simple words, "Thy kingdom come," is not a very complex or far-away condition. It is simply the state of a community in which the Christian theology has really gripped the life of the people. Let a thousand persons live out the simple teaching of Jesus, and there is the kingdom of God. It is somewhat the fashion to disparage theology. A living theology justifies itself. When the Christian business man makes his theology the incentive and sanction of his enterprise, not even the most flippant scoffer disapproves his faith. A dead theology ought to be ridiculed. A living theology wins respect for itself at once. The problem of the Christian believer and the problem of the church is how to transfer the great creed of Christ from the inert world of theory and set it into vital relationship with every form of the complex life of man.

ONE MAN'S ACHIEVEMENT

THE brief but far-reaching ministry of Haggai, one of the so-called minor prophets, illustrates the tremendous influence which may be exerted by a single man when that man is sent by the Almighty on a mission, and when he sets himself directly to his task, with faith and courage. This consecrated and anointed soul had a work to do which, with its issues, was of vast importance; which was closely bound up with the progress of the kingdom of God for ages afterward; which, in its relation to the very life of the nation to which he belonged, was essential and pivotal. The merest glimpse of the times and circumstances out of which he emerged will show this.

The colonists, permitted by Cyrus to return from Babylon about 536 B. C. and to begin the work of national resuscitation, had entered on their work with great enthusiasm. A new life, a new opportunity, a fresh and glad beginning, had marked their first eager ventures in Jerusalem, where the foundations of the Temple were relaid, and inspiring plans for rehabilitating the city and the religious life of the nation were projected. Samaritan co-operation had been refused, and the men who offered help now became sneering and petulant foes, determined on hindering the reconstruction of the Jewish Temple. Their opposition turned out to be relentless, hateful, and violent, and under its pressure the zeal of the colonists died out, their courage relaxed, and their work came to an end. The venture turned out to be simply a spurt, lasting a few weeks; and the would-be builders, discouraged, afraid, and finally absorbed in their own personal affairs, stopped the work of rebuilding the Temple altogether. And this condition of affairs had now lasted fifteen years — half a generation. The governor of the province was either helpless in view of the apathy of the people, or else forgetful of the project; the high priest was content to allow things to drift without concerning himself as to the religious future of the people under his care.

This is the picture before us at the juncture when Haggai came on the scene: the Temple in ruins, the people listless, and stupid, and worldly; the rulers inert and blind to the duty and the opportunity of the time. The situation had become chronic, and, from a human standpoint, incurable. Obstacles which seemed insuperable opposed the people; a spirit of invincible supineness had fixed itself upon them; and by common consent the colony had settled down upon the comfortable policy which found expression in what seems to have been a proverb of the hour: "The time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built." The hills about the city were long ago denuded of timber; the roads to Joppa were commanded by savage foes who for years had refused to allow material for use in the new building to pass up to Jerusalem; idle dreamers had been saying for a long time: "This business should be undertaken by the King of Persia; it is too great an undertaking for this poverty-stricken colony to assume. It cannot be done."

When these details of the situation come before the historical imagination of a reader, they make clear to him the difficulties of the hour and the vastness of the task which had to be accomplished if the Temple project was to be made successful. A dejected people had to be heartened; their leaders had to be roused from apathy; a way out of the perilous emergency had to be found. All this was done, with quickness and efficiency, by one man, the prophet Haggai, of whom we know almost nothing beyond the facts recorded in the book which bears his name. That book, and the work which he did, afford for him an imperishable monument.

His message was like a bugle-blast: "Will ye dwell in ceiled houses while the Lord's house lieth waste? Thus saith Jehovah: Go up into the mountain, and bring in timber, and build my house!" He spoke with such sincerity, directness, force, and persuasiveness that the governor immediately became penitent, the high priest confessed his long-time neglect, the people bowed in prayer, and then turned to the hill country for timber, and on every side the cry arose: "Let us rise up and build!" The spirit of one man leavened the whole people; his aim became theirs. His first short message was spoken in September; it took immediate effect. Four weeks later, when some of the old men, now almost a hundred years of age, who had seen the original building in its splendor, shook their heads in dismay and declared that the renewed temple could never be made as glorious as it was in its prime, the prophet brought another message: "Be not discouraged: the Lord hath said, I will fill this house with glory, and the latter glory of this temple shall be greater than the former glory, and in it will I give peace!" And once more the sore and weary hearts of the colonists were strengthened and healed, and thus the work went on. Two months later he brought another brief message to them, and then his ministry as a prophet, so far as our record goes, was ended.

He was more fortunate than many of the prophets, who were doomed to see

their warnings despised and their instructions set at naught. He was permitted to see his message take hold at once upon the heart and conscience of the nation; he was gladdened by the sight of immediate obedience; in three months all his messages, so far as we have any record of them, were spoken, and the work which he had embodied, and urged, and commanded, went on until four years later the capstone was brought forth with rejoicing, and the new Temple, completed, beautified, enshrining the prophet's vision when he roused the supine body of colonists to their task, was dedicated.

This old and often neglected story brings out as forcibly as any single portion of Scripture the mighty power that is often lodged in the ministry and influence of one devoted personality. Thus God has worked in every age, and thus He works today. A man with a conviction and a specific work that needs to be done, and a divine impulsion within him — what difficulties can daunt him, what foes can withstand him, what barriers can hinder him? Let every man seek thus to be used by the power of the Lord God Almighty!

Is there an old church building, long neglected, to be renewed and enlarged? Is there a new one somewhere to be built? Is there an inert and worldly congregation to be aroused into spiritual activity? Is a town or a city, for years given over to the rum traffic, to be redeemed from its thrall? Is there a League chapter which has grown careless and indolent to be moved to new life? Is there a community for a decade or longer given over to selfishness and worldliness, that needs to be thrilled with fresh and stimulating ministries of cheer and zeal? In each case an obedient soul, yielding itself to God's guidance and becoming His prophetic instrument, may afford to our generation a modern instance that the Lord still has His anointed servants to carry on His work. When we consider what the rebuilding of the Temple meant to Israel, and that the task was done, substantially, by one man in a few weeks, we should take fresh heart and courage in the hope that God may find in any one of us a modern Haggai, fit for a special task in an emergent hour.

"John Wesley -- A Great Giver"

WE reprint, on another page, from Rev. W. H. Meredith's excellent volume, fresh from the press, "The Real John Wesley," the chapter bearing the above title, and we especially commend it to the serious attention of both ministers and laymen. John Wesley was indeed a great giver, and he was made such because he embraced and magnified throughout his long life the essential thought and spirit of Christianity. Perhaps the greatest danger of this age lies in the fact that the tremendous commercial spirit, so pervasive and dominant, has not only entered the church, but the pulpit also. The example of John Wesley, like that of Jesus and Paul, is a perpetual and unsparing protest against the undue desire to accumulate property. Bishop Foster, with his always luminous and prophetic vision, broke out once against this dangerous tendency in one of those inspired and impassioned utterances peculiar to him, saying that the rich and not the poor most needed to have the Gos-

pel preached to them, to save them from the selfishness and deadening influences of wealth. Let those who really desire to know what should be the attitude of the Christian disciple toward money, read carefully and prayerfully "John Wesley — A Great Giver."

Unreliable News

IT does not do to believe at first sight all that one reads in the papers regarding present happenings in the Balkans. "Wait for later despatches," is a safe rule. Advices published in the London papers a few days — or a week — after a reported occurrence are apt to be reliable, as big papers like the London *Times* keep in touch with diplomatic circles in Constantinople, besides employing expert correspondents in the field, or as near to "the front" as the Turks will let them go. As an instance of hasty news served up half-cooked may be mentioned the report which appeared last week that a detachment of Turkish troops fired on the Austrian consulate at Uskub. It now appears that the actual fact was that a party of Albanian "redifs," or reservists, on leaving Uskub station in a train fired hilariously into the air, as is their custom on joining the colors. The Austrian consulate happened to be near the station, and possibly a stray bullet spattered down on its tiled roof — hence the report. Firing on consulates is likely to occur at the present juncture in Turkey at any time in the remoter towns, but it did not occur at Uskub.

Do Your Own Work

IT has been said of China that no one in that land thinks of doing anything that he can hire some one else to do for him. The aristocratic and literary classes look upon the strenuous life and on athletic exercises as degrading. When a company of troops is on the march each soldier is likely to have a coolie marching in front of him carrying his weapons and equipments and another coolie behind him holding an umbrella over his precious head. No nation can advance in the scale of civilization, no matter how long it has been at it, where work is considered wholly a curse and not potentially a blessing.

This hiring another fellow to do one's work, however, is not limited to Chinese territory. The man who wants a sinecure is in every land. America is, perhaps, poorer in "comfortable berths" and attractive sinecures than are the countries of Europe, and is to that extent richer in brains and brawn and enterprise and commercial achievement. To every man his work, and his burden. The coolie system will not do. The umbrella business is not a necessary part of the paraphernalia of life. "Sure I must fight if I would win" — and carry my own weapons meanwhile. Work and warfare are honorable. Bear your own burden, fight your own fight, and win your own crown.

Not True

CHEKIB BEY, the Turkish Minister to the United States, unlike the typical Turk, has been doing considerable talking with regard to American relations with Turkey, and is said to have spent some sleepless nights since the Beirut trouble was precipitated. The Turkish Minister is reported to have said: "We have allowed the missionaries great liberties, and with what result? I read in the American papers frequently of what some returned missionary from Turkey has to say about wiping my country off the map of Europe. I am advised that certain mis-

sionaries, when they go to Turkey, are constantly arousing the Armenians against the Moslems. They even talk to the Armenians about exterminating us."

It may be that a returned missionary here or there has expressed the opinion, while in America, that it would be well for civilization if the Turkish empire as a political organization were supplanted by some other form of government, in which perhaps the Turks themselves should have part representatively, but that does not imply any hatred toward the Turks personally; and many missionaries, like Dr. Farnsworth of Cesarea, have in private and public said very kind things of certain classes of the Turks. As to the second charge, that the missionaries in Turkey incite the Armenians to revolt, we challenge the minister to produce one scintilla of proof of its fact. He has been very falsely "advised" to that effect — at any rate so far as concerns American Protestant missionaries. As for the statement that the missionaries, who are characteristically men of peace, urge the Armenians to "exterminate" the Turks, that is too preposterous to be believed. It is not surprising that in the present crisis Chekib Bey finds himself under considerable of a mental strain; but if he will read this paragraph he may find some of the misapprehensions and fears under which he now labors relieved.

PERSONALS

— Rev. Donald H. Gerrish, pastor at Cliftondale, was married, Sept. 1, to Miss Grace E. Putnam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lauriston C. Putnam, of Malden. The ceremony was performed in Centre Church, Malden, by Rev. Dr. Edwin H. Hughes.

— We are gratified to announce that we shall soon publish three very important and characteristically able and luminous contributions from the pen of Prof. Borden P. Bowne upon the general subject, "The Supernatural," with three subdivisions: 1. "The Supernatural and Nature;" 2. "The Supernatural and the Bible;" 3. "The Supernatural and Religion."

— Rev. C. R. Sherman writes from North Brookfield, under date of Sept. 1: "We have just lost Mrs. Julia A. Hewes, widow of Rev. George Hewes, of the New England Conference, who after thirty-five years of ministry died, May 23, 1895. Mrs. Hewes went to her reward this morning, after a brief illness of two weeks, at the age of 84 years. She was a woman of excellent Christian character, much esteemed by all who knew her. For many years she labored with her husband in different fields until his superannuation compelled her to bear the brunt of household and other duties which she discharged with commendable patience and fortitude. She leaves one son, who lives in Lynn."

— Rev. E. H. Hughes, D. D., president-elect of De Pauw University, is in the West for two weeks presenting the institution to the Indiana Conferences. He returns to preach at Centre Church, Malden, next Sunday. Extensive preparations are being made for his inauguration at De Pauw, the services to cover four days.

— Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester, Eng., considered by many of the best judges of all denominations for a quarter of a century the world's greatest preacher, recently resigned his pastorate and laid down his work for life. He closed his last sermon with these significant words: "I declare the Gospel which I preached unto you, how that Jesus Christ died for our sins

according to the Scriptures.' Dear brethren, I beseech you to accept it with a deliberate faith, and to cleave to it with life-long energy. By it, and by it alone, you will stand; by it, and by it alone, you will be saved."

— Miss Emma Mae Chisholm, the "singing deaconess," has concluded to spend a year at Lasell Seminary in study.

— Rev. Frank R. Felt, M. D., and Mrs. Felt, who have been on a furlough in the United States, sailed from New York, Saturday, Sept. 5, on the steamer "Anchoria," for Bombay. They expect to reach India, Oct. 17.

— Chancellor J. R. Day, accompanied by Mrs. Day and their daughter, are to return to this country on the steamer "Campania" of the Cunard Line, leaving Liverpool for New York, Sept. 5. We publish another of Dr. Day's excellent letters in this issue, to be followed by several more.

— An exchange calls attention to the fact that "Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, who died recently, held that every wealthy man should set apart a large part of his income annually for the church, declaring that many men spent five times as much on horses as the uplifting of their fellow-men."

— Rev. Dr. B. W. Hutchinson advises us that our statement last week, taken from the *Christian Uplook*, that he had been elected president of the West Virginia State Normal School, is premature. Dr. Hutchinson adds: "I shall probably re-enter the pastorate this fall."

— The *Michigan Christian Advocate* of last week brings the sad intelligence of the death of Hon. Horace Hitchcock, which took place at Hitchcock Hall, Bay View, Mich., Aug. 28. As an active, intelligent and useful Christian layman he has been conspicuously known for many years. The *Michigan* closes its memoirs with these words: "He was probably the best-known Methodist laymen in Michigan, and, what is better, was a workman approved of God."

— Mrs. Helen Thomson, wife of Rev. John F. Thomson, D. D., of Buenos Ayres, Argentina, reached New York, on Thursday, Sept. 3, coming direct from South America by the way of Rio Janeiro on the steamer "Merchant Prince." She was accompanied by three sons — Charles, Ruel and Donald — and a daughter, Jessie. Mrs. Thomson and her four children left New York, Friday, Sept. 4, for Delaware, Ohio, where she will make her home while in this country, and where the children will attend school.

— Sept. 6 rounded out twenty-five years of the active and successful service of Rev. Dr. Edward Abbott as rector of St. James Church, Cambridge. In connection with his pastorate he has been identified with many other charitable and religious institutions, and has also won high distinction in literary work, being the author of a long list of books, monographs and magazine articles. From 1877 until last January, with the exception of a few years, he was editor of the *Literary World*. He is a member of a family famous in literature and theology. His father and mother were Jacob and Harriet (Vaughan) Abbott, and his brothers include Dr. Lyman Abbott, Benjamin Abbott, and Austin Abbott.

— The daily press announces, at length, the decease of Samuel S. Paine, of New Bedford, who passed away, Sept. 4, aged 90 years. For many years he had been one of the most reputable and successful business men of that city, under the firm name of West & Paine, dealers in lime, brick and cement, and agents of whale ships as well. He was a member of the Pleasant Street

Methodist Episcopal Church, and had been one of the trustees since its organization in 1844. He was a generous benefactor of the church and all worthy causes. Mr. Paine leaves a wife and one son, Olin S. Paine.

— Rev. Benjamin M. Jones, of Minneapolis (University of Minnesota, 1903), sailed, Wednesday, Sept. 2, by steamer "Teutonic" for England, en route to Burma, where he is to engage in mission work.

— Rev. Carl Herman Gusé, a member of the Minnesota Conference and a graduate of Hamline University, class of 1903, is booked to sail from New York on the steamer "Kronprinz Wilhelm," Tuesday, Sept. 8. Mr. Gusé will visit his former home in Germany, and will then ship from England for Bombay. He is to enter mission work at Raipur, South India.

— Rev. Alvah Hovey, D. D., of Newton Centre, ex-president of Newton Theological Institution, and one of the best known Baptist clergymen in the country, died last Sunday evening. Early in the summer he had a paralytic shock, and since then had been in failing health. Dr. Hovey wrote several theological works of note. A man of profound piety, fine scholarship, and lofty Christian standards, and an indefatigable worker during the thirty years that he was president of the Seminary, he did an incalculable work for his denomination and for the kingdom of Christ.

— The "Carpathia," sailing from New York, Sept. 1, carried a party of outgoing Methodist missionaries. These were: Dr. William T. Hobart, returning to his work in North China, by way of England and the Trans-Siberian railway; Rev. Harry F. Pemberton, of Eddystone, Pa. (Dickinson College, 1903), and Mrs. Zora Cline Pemberton, of Gardiner's Station, Pa., who are new missionaries going to Raipur, South India Conference; Rev. George W. Briggs, of North Branch, Mich. (Northwestern University, 1903), and Mrs. Annie Montgomery Briggs, of Ireton, Ia. (Northwestern University, 1901), who are to teach in the Parker Memorial High School, Moradabad, India; Mr. Clarence Howard Riggs, of Indianola, Ia. (Simpson College, 1903), who goes to Burma; and Miss Alice Miriam Northrup (Illinois Wesleyan, 1900), a daughter of Rev. J. A. Northrup, of Braceville, Ill., who goes to Lucknow under the Northwestern Branch, W. F. M. S. Miss Northrup will spend several months in residence at Cambridge University, England, in special normal training, before proceeding to India.

— Rev. Sylvester Whitehead, who has been nominated for the presidency of the Wesleyan Conference for the year beginning with August, 1904, was, as perhaps some of our readers may recall, one of the fraternal delegates to our General Conference of 1884, held in Philadelphia, the late Rev. Dr. Robert Newton Young, the great missionary secretary, being his colleague. Mr. Whitehead made a masterly fraternal address at that time, in which he pleaded urgently for a higher grade of scholarship in the ministry, in order that Methodism "on both sides of the sea might keep in touch with our age, harmonize with the past, and be consistent with our traditions." He made a capital hit by telling the Conference that the new Wesleyan College at Handsworth, then opening, was almost on the spot in the suburbs of Birmingham where Francis Asbury was born. The honor that has come to Mr. Whitehead is not only, as some of our contemporaries have suggested, a recognition of the circuit work which he had done, but it is doubtless intended to emphasize the services rendered by him as a missionary in China early in his ministry, and the remarkable platform

power and evangelistic zeal which he has displayed since his return.

BRIEFLETS

To be humble is to begin to be great.

In the last thirty-four years members of the New England Conference have been appointed to temperance work in thirty-eight instances. Only one of these appointments was to the service of the Anti-Saloon League.

A man's week-day religion stands sponsor for his professions on the Sabbath. "People look at my six days in the week," says Cecil, "to find out what I mean on the seventh." Religion between Sundays is significant of the true character of a Christian believer. A man who only serves God one-seventh of the time hardly serves Him at all.

Much has been written about X-rays, and the discovery of N-rays has now been announced. Eventually perhaps the whole alphabet will be illuminated by these points of light, its separate letters being adopted as the luminous labels of the various forms of radiation with which the universe seems to be stocked. After the English alphabet has been exhausted perhaps the Greek letters, alpha, beta, gamma, etc., will have to be called into service — if our restless and inquisitive scientists keep up the present pace.

It is all right to push your neighbor, if you push him ahead — push him forward or upward into the place you would like yourself.

A Chicago inventor claims that he has discovered a process of manufacturing a 36-candle power light that will never go out. The invention consists in imprisoning a glow caused by a secret chemical in an air-tight glass. The inventor says that there is no reason why the light will not remain brilliant forever if it is not broken. There is a glow which has been long imprisoned in this world (and it is no small glow, either) which yet shines undimmed and undimmed — and that is the light of gospel witness.

Complaint about cross-bearing is almost universal, yet how true it is that not every one has the right to bear a cross! There is something sacred about crosses, something holy, ennobling, redeeming. No one can truly bear a cross who does not know how to suffer in the right spirit. Countless thousands bear burdens; comparatively few bear crosses, or have the right to bear them.

Elsewhere reference is made to Rev. W. H. Meredith's new volume, "The Real John Wesley." A suitable review of the book will soon appear in our Book Table. Meantime we are glad to say that the writer is an adept, if not a genius, in treating his subject. He knows Wesley as few men do. The title of his book is pertinent and accurate — first used by this paper, we think, in characterizing his writings on Wesley. We commend his volume very heartily, therefore, to those who want to become acquainted with the "Real John Wesley." The book is on sale at C. R. Magee's, postage prepaid, for \$1.10.

Over in China they appear to have, theoretically at least, a clear understanding of the relation of education to private and public morals, for the case is reported of a

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Father Taylor on the Super-annuates

THE Rev. H. C. Dunham, of Winthrop, contributes the following interesting and pertinent incident: "No more touching scene could be witnessed at a New England Conference sixty years ago than when the 19th (now 23d) Question was reached: 'Who are the Superannuated Preachers?' The Bishop presiding called each name in course, when a response was given, in person or by letter. These responses were often of the most thrilling character. When the list was completed, a speech from Father Taylor was always in order. Nor was the man of the sea unequal to the occasion. Springing to his feet at one bound, tremulous with emotion, he shouted: 'Mr. President, these venerable brothers have been no *clericus lotus*. They have gone hunting and fishing for souls all the way from Seaset on Cape Cod to Poverty Lane. They have leveled forests, tunneled mountains, set rivers on fire. They stand before you scarred from many a battlefield of the Lord. What do you propose to do with them? Turn them out to grass? Send them to the poor-house? I imagine I see them now standing at the door, stretching out their withered hands, begging for a morsel of bread. Mr. President, this is too bad. These aged fathers deserve to be embalmed in honey and fed on diamonds.' Father Taylor has been dead thirty-two years. Not soon will the church or world see his like again, and his words have special significance at this hour."

Sunday, September 27

SUNDAY, Sept. 27, should be made the most noteworthy day in the history of the New England Conference. To devote a Sunday in the year to the necessitous ministers, ministers' widows and children, would be a fitting and significant day at any time; but the day set apart for the reparation of the special loss which has come to these beneficiaries should carry the active sympathy and support of every church in the Conference. The opportunity should be welcomed by all as a privilege and in no sense as a burden. For these self-sacrificing and needy men and women the church should pour itself out, on this Sunday, with unusual generosity and holy sacrifice.

It is a family matter. From the first our ministry has been peculiar in its organism. There has been a closeness and tenderness of relation, a spirit of mutual helpfulness and reciprocity, not found elsewhere. "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." Our circle is stricken. We can bring relief. We heroically face the responsibility and welcome the opportunity. It is no time for cold calculation or for critical speculation and delay. It is the time for affectionate sympathy and obligation to pour itself out without stint. If this Sunday shall be welcomed and prepared for and used in this higher spirit of devotion, consecration and love-offerings, we shall be made richer in all the nobler spiritual qualities of our being, and we shall surprise ourselves with the magnitude of our united benefactions.

What about other collections and other needs? In such an exigency we can safely leave those matters to be taken care of at a later date. We are confident that no local or general cause of the church will suffer by magnifying this peculiar and special necessity. The result in each church will depend very largely upon the attitude of each minister, and upon the amount of interest and work put into the cause. With us still—and may it ever be so—the

minister is everything. He is the efficient leader, or there is none; he brings things to pass, or nothing is done. The successful minister will make unremitting preparation in personal conference with his people, in the social means of grace, and by a special sermon on the day appointed, to lay the subject on the hearts of his people.

Our Congregational churches have an excellent practice which is suggestive and worthy of imitation: The week-night prayer-meeting before the celebration of the Lord's Supper is devoted by the pastor to a "preparatory lecture." This is an excellent way of preparing the worshiper to properly commune with his Lord as he sits with Him at His table. So the week-night prayer-meeting before Sunday, Sept. 27, may be most helpfully used. Talk and pray about the subject—pray for our beloved beneficiaries, and that the minister may have special and needed grace and strength on the approaching Sunday in presenting this cause.

By all means let Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues share in this offering, and thus be made to feel its sacred need. Talk about this special offering robbing the regular Preachers' Aid collection, which is to be taken later in the year! Every church which is moved, by the proper consideration of this special collection, to an expression of fitting generosity, will, by an increased impulse and interest, double its regular offering to this cause when it is taken.

Notes and Suggestions

— One minister who pledges \$50 has not been able to afford a vacation, but feels that he must help his necessitous co-workers in their emergency.

— "Cheer him! Cheer him!" This was the shout that fell from the lips of a man standing in a crowd on the street watching a brave fireman stagger as the smoke broke through the window of a burning building into which he was about to enter to save the life of a person who was cut off by the flames; and it was the robust and hearty cheering of the people below that nerved the brave but nearly dispirited man to enter the building and "rescue the perishing." Let those Methodists who stand at the foot of the ladder and see others bravely at work trying to rescue our suffering and endangered beneficiaries, at least furnish the inspiration and courage of a sympathetic cheer.

— Thomas A. Dalton, a young lawyer, a graduate of the Law School of Boston University, and a near neighbor of Gov. Bates, is appointed clerk of the East Boston District Court vice Willard S. Allen.

— Rev. Dr. John W. Butler, of the Mexico Mission, sends the following tender and encouraging note: "Though it is over twenty-nine years since I came to Mexico, the heartstrings which bind me to the New England Conference have not been all cut, and now I grieve profoundly over the calamity which has befallen the Preachers' Aid Society, so I enclose my little mite. Would be happy if I could make it ten times as much."

— Let each one of our ministers feel as if the success of this supreme undertaking rested on him alone. Rev. Dr. E. M. Taylor promptly subscribed \$100, and then secured from a generous man a \$1,000 donation. "Go and do likewise."

— Rev. H. C. Dunham, of Winthrop, writes: "With some hesitation I venture to say that, in my 91st year, the oldest superannuate in the Conference and eighteen

years blind, I have contributed, through David Floyd, to the treasurer \$50 to help replace stolen funds. I am only too glad, with limited means, to be permitted to do this."

— Two of our ministers who are without appointment, but who are subject to call for supply work, are devoting all the receipts therefrom to help make up this fund.

— While the donations to this supreme cause have not yet become as general and generous as we expect they will, nevertheless the spirit of self-sacrifice exhibited in many instances has been remarkable and impressive. In this light, note some of the gifts chronicled in this issue.

— Rev. William I. Haven, D. D., writes from New York, under date of Sept. 4: "I have looked over the HERALD with great interest, and am delighted to see the fund growing. Mrs. Haven wishes you to put her down for \$100, and you may put me down for another \$100. It will take a pretty strong pull to reach the \$75,000. I will give at this proportion on any amount you raise up to the whole \$75,000, and we ought not to stop short of that."

— New England Methodism is demonstrating its love for its superannuates and the widows and orphans of its deceased preachers by the magnificent manner in which it is responding to the appeals for a replenishing of the treasury of the New England Conference Preachers' Aid Society, which was looted by its absconding treasurer. Almost before an appeal for funds could be formulated individuals and churches began to act, and already nearly \$15,000 toward the \$75,000 needed to restore the amount stolen, has been pledged. That the entire amount will be secured is certain. Many beyond the borders of New England will desire to aid in this noble effort.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

Acknowledgments

Previously acknowledged from Higginson, Dennis and Magee, \$4,732.64

From Major Henry L. Higginson

Washington Thomas, \$1,000

From Treasurer Dennis

Rev. H. C. Dunham,	\$50
W. N. Chamberlain,	25
Cillitondale Church,	25
Cosens & Noble,	10
Rev. J. F. Chase,	5
J. D. Hatcheder,	5
S. L. Howard,	5
S. M. Merrill (per Cosens),	5
T. H. Adams (per Cosens),	5
	\$185

From C. R. Magee

A. P. B.,	\$25
Rev. J. W. Butler,	10
Rev. H. W. Kling,	10
Mrs. S. Foster, Bar Mills, Me.,	10
M. F. L. Melrose,	5
Mrs. Caroline Bulfinch and Daughter,	5
A Friend, Randolph, Vt.,	5
A. P. Spencer, Berwick, Me.,	2
	\$72

Pledges

Mrs. W. I. Haven, \$100

From Ministers

(Previously acknowledged, \$3,925)	
Rev. W. I. Haven (additional),	\$100
" Daniel Dorchester, Jr.,	50
" Arakel H. Nazarian,	25
" James F. Allen,	25
" J. R. Chaffee,	25
" F. C. Haddock,	25
" H. S. Dow,	20
" E. P. Herrick,	20
" Arthur Bonner,	15
" Joseph Candalin,	10
	\$215

Total amount pledged and given to Sept. 8, \$16,374.64

TRUSTING IN TIME OF STORM

REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

The night is dark, the wind is wild,
The storm sweeps o'er the lonely sea ;
My bark is tossed from wave to wave —
What pathway is there left to me ?

There are no lights along the shore,
The sky has not one guiding star ;
My boat is buffeted, and shrinks
Before the tempest's awful jar.

And yet where is the Friend so strong
Who made His promises to me
That in the darkness and the storm
He would come walking o'er the sea ?

Ah ! doubting heart — the tomb of faith —
Some one is coming to thine aid.
" Be of good cheer," He calls in love ;
Calls, " It is I ! Be not afraid ! "

Oh, music of a Saviour's voice !
Oh, beauty of a Saviour's face !
I welcome Thee and long for faith
As sure, untailing, as Thy grace.

Come, Thou, aboard my little boat,
And let Thy love take pity's form ;
Faith grows so fast when in the sun,
Grant that it flower in the storm !

Watertown, Mass.

SOME FAMOUS ENGLISH
PREACHERS OF TODAY

VIII

Mark Guy Pearse

REV. HERBERT WELCH, D. D.

WHO are the great preachers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church ? An answer may be suggested by taking those who have published volumes of sermons. This test, to be sure, is not infallible. For while most great preachers do, sooner or later, get their sermons into print, except, of course, bishops and such like, who are forced to save theirs for oral circulation, yet it must be confessed that now and then a preacher who is not a giant does make a book. Taking the test, however, for what it is worth, the list of present-day Wesleyans who have reached the

Distinction of Published Volumes

of sermons or addresses includes W. L. Watkinson (the connexional editor), W. T. Davison (his designated successor, now a theological professor), T. G. Selby (whose strength is in writing rather than speech), Dinsdale T. Young (of whom the opposite is true), and George Jackson, besides annual lecturers on the Fernley foundation. Another name which belongs here, not the last in order of preaching ability, if indeed it should not be first, is that of Mark Guy Pearse. I cannot say whether Mr. Pearse is the bearer of any collegiate degrees. Certain it is that when English people think or speak of him they never have such titles in mind. To say " Dr. Pearse " would sound as absurd as to have said " Dr. Beecher." He is too completely and amply human to borrow any dignity from degrees. Even the " Rev. " is often forgotten, and many go so far as to cut his name down into an affectionate " Mark Guy ; " and this is significant.

When the West London Mission was organized in 1887, a certain Welshman, who was asked to become its superintendent, answered that he would do so only on condition that a certain Cornishman

should become his colleague. The Welshman, Hughes, is dead ; the Cornishman, Pearse, who labored in his company with such joy and success, is no longer connected with the Mission, and at this time is just visiting our own shores. Landing in Canada towards the end of August, he is to go as far west as San Francisco, coming later into some of our Eastern States. But notwithstanding his departure from the Mission, his work there is one of the two things by which most of us identify him ; the other being (from the long list of his books) " Dan'l Quorm and His Religious Notions." It would be hard to guess how many thousands have gone to class-meeting and learned pointed lessons of spiritual things under the leadership of that energetic Cornish cobbler. Surely all of them have blessed the brain and the heart which created and gave to the world so quaint and captivating a character. But in the minds of Americans, at least, Mr. Pearse will long be associated also with

West London and St. James Hall.

It is there that we have seen him and found the love which he had won by his writings raised to a warmer glow. How many have sat of a Sunday morning in the beautiful hall (so soon to be destroyed), and have been cheered by the look, the words, the contagious joyousness, of this wonderful preacher ! Take a typical day. There are perhaps a thousand present, not the mixed evening crowd of soldiers and women of the street and people of fashion, but a more sober and ordinary assemblage. The service is cheery and informal. The singing is led by a large chorus on the platform, before whom sits a long line of " Sisters of the People " and other helpers, and still in front of them, the preacher. How old he is, I do not know ; he has been in the ministry for forty years. He is mature, ripe, mellow. He is not big, but healthy in look and hearty in action. Vitality, vigor, make him a picture of " clean, tingling healthiness," as one has said. He sings with enjoyment, he is humorous with the notices, his Scripture comments are sometimes incisive and striking ; but he is tender as a woman in his prayer, and the names of God which he uses show a fine realization of the Divine Presence. Indeed, there is about this vigorous man something of femininity, without a trace of effeminacy. He proceeds by intuition rather than logic ; he is sensitive, impulsive, charmingly uncertain. One would not think of calling him a " lady's man," but in the best sense he is a woman's man — a man with the more delicate and sympathetic qualities, with insight and charity, which, joined with strength, command him to the choicer spirits found not un rarely in the gentler sex.

Catholic in spirit, genial in presence, clear in speech, he preaches. There is no attitudinizing, but yet ease and variety of posture, tone, look, and gesture. His style is conversational ; his utterance is at once radical and religious ; there is touching tenderness and apt illustration. He takes a flower in hand, as his Master did, and lets it tell its story of a Father's care. Christ, says this preacher, " taught by parables, not by catechism ; " and he teaches after the same manner, simply

and profoundly. He sees in pictures. He is a poet, as every preacher ought to be ; what is more, he can put his poems into words, as many preachers cannot, and even into verse, as few can. How good a sermonizer he is, I shall not undertake to say ; better, he is a great preacher. Committee-work, organization, creed-making, ecclesiastical forms and details — against such pursuits his soul revolts. But in preaching he revels. He throws himself into it with zest ; he enjoys it obviously and hugely.

Let me give, in fragments, a

Christmas Sermon

of his. He said to me frankly, when I asked for the manuscript, that it had already been printed (under the title, " Lacking Love is Lacking All," in the volume called " In the Banqueting-House," published 1893) ; but added that he did not hesitate to preach old sermons when circumstances seemed right. In fact, it has been claimed that his admirers would rather hear from him a familiar sermon than a new one, and that Mark Guy Pearse can repeat old sermons " with greater impunity than any other living preacher." His text this morning was 1 John 4:20. " If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

Strong language this ! — one of the sentences which earned for St. John the name of Boanerges, " the son of thunder." Art depicts him as a man all gentleness, almost effeminate ; but there were storms, volcanoes, in this man's soul.

Now, we are apt to think that to be a disciple of Jesus Christ is so much a matter of natural temperament that it is no good hoping or trying to belong to Christ unless one is naturally sweet and calm and unruffled. But do not let us put the natural character over against the demands of God's Word. This Book does not set before us an ideal impossible to any man. He who commands can soften and sweeten us. Some men can always wear a smile because it is all outside. They are never moved, because they are frozen. The Apostle John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, was a man of like passions with the passionate. Like us in our infirmities, may we not hope to be like him in that great grace, the heaven of love in which he lived and moved ?

And yet it may be that the very words that comfort some may sadden others. " Alas ! " sighs one, " I would I were quick, hot, passionate. Love is easy where there is fire, but what hope is there of a soul that is all ice and east wind ? " Well, what is the cure for ice and east wind ? Summer and sunshine, isn't it ? And is not this just what our most gentle Saviour and most loving Lord is come to do for us — to melt and thaw, and bring the summer to the soul ? If there is power in nature to turn the hard, frozen, iron-bound clods of the earth into flowers with their loveliness and corn-fields with their wealth, is there no power to loose frozen hearts and bring beauty and richness into sterile lives ? This power is toward all. My God, Thou hast no favorites. Thou givest as much to the farthest off as to the nearest.

" If a man say " — so then our religion may be but a saying. . . . But our religion may be very much more than a saying, and yet mean nothing. With how many people that passes for religion — to be orthodox in our creed. Our religion may be fighting. But a man is never farther from religion than when he is fighting for it. All our orthodoxy is nothing, and less

than nothing, it we do not love our brother. The devil's religion is orthodoxy without love.

Yet again, the saying, "I love God," may go with a great deal of rapturous feeling and still be nothing. What's the good of a fire that roars up the chimney but never comes out to boil a poor body's kettle? If a man say, "I love God, and say it with all rapture of delight, and hateth his brother, he is a liar," says St. John. Love only is the light in which any man can see God, and to lack love is to be in darkness.

Remarking that for the last fourteen years he had called this Sunday preceding Christmas day "Reconciliation Sunday," the preacher told some heart-warming incidents of forgiveness and reconciliation, and went on to say: It is a lie, the blackest and worst of lies, to call God Father and yet not live bound by that great love into truest brotherhood with all men. No lie is so hideous, so glaring, as to take our forgiveness freely from that pierced Hand, and yet be unforgiving. It chokes and kills the grace of God within the soul, and makes religion but a sickening cant. There's only one orthodoxy, and it's love; there's only one religion, and it's love. He who shuts out any, shuts out God.

We can't afford not to love. The only thing we can ever afford to do or say is the most generous, the most kindly thing possible. The perfect tense of the verb "live" is "love." This is the only proof of religion that God accepts, or that man believes in. Who should ever doubt Christianity if, because a man is a Christian, he were like unto the Lord Jesus Christ, generous, eager to help, self-forgetful, holding himself and his all at the service of others? Men may wrangle about creeds; they may argue about forms; they may make light of feelings as excitement or delusion; but nobody can mistake love. Like the sun, it proves itself by shining. And now here is something that all can do. The highest life is within reach of the lowliest soul.

How simple, how easy, how rich it is! It appeals to the heart, and loses nothing because of an occasional ripple of laughter that sweeps over the audience. Fun and tears mingle in this exquisitely human utterance. It is witty, pathetic, persuasive.

Mr. Pearse has been almost a specialist, one might say, in teaching holiness. In his earlier ministerial experience he set forth a holiness that was passive, subjective; but the knowledge of human hearts and lives and temptations that has come to him in the hand-to-hand dealings of the Mission, is said to have changed the form of his teachings. His

Ideal of Life

now is living for others—an ideal illustrated in his own rather aristocratic family, where one son is a clergyman of the Church of England, another a resident in a London settlement, and one daughter a hospital nurse. It has been written that "his view of holiness is that it makes husbands come home early to their waiting wives and tea, workingmen give the lion's share of their wages to their wives on Saturday night, and everybody tender to little children, compassionate to the prodigal, and lovingly ministrant to the aged, the sick, and the dying." In a word, it is the homely commonplace virtues upon which the emphasis of his preaching falls. His is not a strenuous religion of agitation and reform, but a gentle ministry of comfort and good-will

— if gentle is the word to be applied to so exhilarating a personality. He bears always in mind the hard facts of life, but has always a message of hope and good cheer which comes not only from his lips, but from his whole radiant face. He is an out-of-door, sunshiny kind of man. It is no surprise to be told that he loves the cliffs and skies of Cornwall, and its Celtic folk, with their pathos, their imagination, their humor. His holidays are spent in that sea-beaten county, or in the Channel Islands among the fishermen, or in Scotland, as the case may be, but always with a rod and line, and a sketch-book, and an open heart that transforms the beauties of nature and the incidents of homely life into the pathos and the joyousness of song or story or sermon. And in work-time he maintains the enviable holiday temper. He is earnest. The love which he preaches moves deeply upon his own heart. He has the passion and the burden for souls. But such a passion is not inconsistent with blitheness. Frivolity is no decent way of escape from it, but I suspect that Mr. Pearse, like another recent writer, is so truly religious that he would feel the burden eased at the song of a bird or the sight of a blossom.

Preacher, lecturer, poet and story-writer, he commands the admiration and love of a most widespread constituency—all sorts and conditions of men, who have felt his spell cast upon them. But, most of all, he is a preacher. We are told that, when a youth, he studied medicine and longed to be a doctor. But what a loss English Methodism would have suffered if he had spent his days even in the beautiful ministry of a Christian physician! The word that sprang to my lips the first time I heard him was,

He is a Glorious Preacher,

and it has returned instinctively at each new hearing. It was the same word, I believe, that one of the high officials of our own church used, as he stood near Mr. Pearse one Sunday morning after the sermon. It was interesting to hear the affable preacher answer: "Oh, no; that is not preaching at all; that is only talking. You can't do anything else when you stand on this platform. You have no pulpit, nothing but a desk. Hughes and I had to make up our minds to give up preaching, and just talk straight to the people." "Well," was the official and sensible reply, "if that is talking, I wish we had more of it."

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

The Father of John Adams

In the "History of the American Revolution" by Trevelyan is this interesting sketch of the ancestor of a family noted in our American history: "The father of John Adams was a laboring farmer, who wrought hard to live and who did much public work for nothing. His eminent son put on record that he was an officer of militia, afterward a deacon of the church, and a selectman of the town. A man of strict piety and great integrity, much esteemed and beloved wherever he was known, which was not far, his sphere of life not being extensive. He left behind him property valued at £1,300 (\$6,500), and he had made it a prime

object to give the most promising of his children that college education which he himself missed. In these last particulars, and in much else, he was just such another as the father of Thomas Carlyle, though there was a great difference in other respects. But this old selectman of Braintree Town, holding his head erect in every presence, became the progenitor of a long line of presidents and ambassadors."

He left, as is stated, a very small fortune, as fortunes go; but he left to the republic this heritage of trained manhood which far outvalues any wealth that could be named. This stout hearted, clear headed old man could not see what his trained descendants might mean to the republic, but the record of their services is writ large in our whole history. We honor them, their names being known and read of all men. We ought also to honor this ancestor whose own sphere was narrow, but whose vision was true and large. The republic waits yet for trained men to perform its unfinished tasks. The church needs them as never before. So in these September days when the colleges open their doors again we commend the example of this wise man who "made it a prime object to give the most promising of his children that college education which he himself missed."

"For a man to have died who might have been wise and was not, this," says Carlyle, "I call a tragedy."

WILLIAM F. McDOWELL.

New York.

ENGLISH ODDITIES

CHANCELLOR JAMES B. DAY, D. D.

THE postal service of the civilized world is a greater wonder than the "Seven Wonders" combined. The London-American mail represents about 30,000,000 pieces annually. It is the rarest thing that a letter or parcel goes astray. Think of the dexterous fingers that send on these bits of folded paper falling like leaves blown in by the winds of autumn. The postage is as nearly like ours as it can be with different coins. But if you put on too little in stamps the receiver must pay double postage. The person receiving must pay for the sender's carelessness. A letter mailed after the regulation hour is sent forward by the payment of extra postage. Sub offices are numerous. There are no letter-boxes. They are substituted by stout red "pillar-boxes" on the street corners. In the country I saw boxes walled into the corners of houses and stone-walls.

The pillar-box suggests the words and phrases

Unusual to a Yankee Ear.

For instance, the streets have no ends. You are directed to the top or bottom of the street, and find yourself looking for a hill. The freight trains are "goods-trains." Cars are "carriages." The check rein of the horse is a "bearing rein;" and it is a happy fact that very few horses wear them. Tailors have signs of, "Bespoke orders." Leaving for the country is "taking up the house."

The cockney has a language all his own as unintelligible as one of the Semitic tongues. He carries the rates printed by law on the front of his hansom or four-wheeler and beats you out of an extra fare if he can. The suggestion of "Bobby" (the term for policeman) as an arbitrator is a corrective, unless he has a "divvy"

with "Bobby." New York cabbies are as bad.

All languages lead to money. Everywhere are mendicants seeking to thrust themselves into your service. A question has its price. I think this must be the reason that I see the 'bus seats next the driver vacant so often. It seems to be assumed by him that if you sit there you want information at a price.

I have walked through miles of museums and galleries. To describe them or attempt a critique of their rarest offerings would add nothing new. Everybody writes about them. The living galleries stretching away in every direction thronged with a marvelous humanity suggestive of mighty history being made, stirs one more deeply. The "bank-holiday" saw these creators of coming times massed at great centres of recreation. It seemed to be a joke that one should go to "Happy Hempstead." I went! Tens of thousands of people — some said a hundred thousand — were pouring over a great natural park looking out over the city. A tremendous multitude had hurried off to the country by every conveyance the Saturday night before. At Hempstead were sample mechanics, work people, small tradesmen, servant girls. They appeared thrifty and happy, were clean and well dressed, and were enjoying each other's society and funny amusements. The fools who drank, both male and female, were conspicuous by their singularity. It was our Fourth of July without the noise — that abomination unpardonable in an intelligent people. There were the games and sports of the common people, quite as rational as "monkey dinners" at Newport! And these are the people that England is building her future with. It was good to see them free and happy for a day. True statesmanship will be more interested in where the mighty people spend their holidays than in the holiday habits of the rich. The rich man's safety is in the poor man's content and thrift.

Our Last Day in London

has been spent out of it! Three weeks, and still an impenetrable immensity. We visited the tower of Windsor Castle, the glory and vanity of the world lying at our feet — the procession of William-the-Conqueror, Elizabethan and Victorian ages. Down there at Frogmore among the trees is the tomb of Victoria. Far off across wood and vale is the little white spire of the church where Gray wrote the immortal Elegy that sings of others who had been as great to fame if opportunity had offered. In the neighborhood of that little church was once the home of Penn. In that tower across the court slept Gen. Grant, the peer of the royal dead or living, from a land which is destined to dwarf European States in comparison.

The interior of Windsor was the first thing really worthy to be called a palace that we had seen. The palaces of old-time kings were not palaces in comparison with the homes of the well-to-do people of today. They were distressingly lacking in comfort. They were garish in decoration as well. Windsor is no exception in many particulars; but it has a somewhat modern air, and its magnificent eminence commanding a marvelous

landscape lifts it above and out of the class of ancient castles. It is worthy.

But one is unpleasantly impressed with the shilling barter at the main entrance. Herded into a space before a turn-stile, your shilling is demanded with scant courtesy, and you are handed over to a dotard who befuddles his witless head with strong drink. You miss, therefore, much of historic interest as you are hurried on. The shilling seems to be the main thing in the management. It would save the dignity of the place to say that the charge is for charity. But there is no such intimation. It cannot be done to prevent the crowd, for it is twenty miles out of London. It is not thinkable in connection with the White House or any public building in Washington.

We went and came by rail. Why these compartment cars? "Because we wish to load and unload quickly," said a railroad official. "In America you must wait while the patrons crowd at the ends of the car. We open four or five doors at the side, and the people are out and in at once." With the crowded population and numerous stops, this is an important item. If there are enough in a party to fill a compartment, it is a pleasant way to travel short distances. But to mix up in pens with uncongenial traveling companions is embarrassing. It is not difficult to imagine distressing conditions. Our cars are far preferable. England boasts greater safety. The past two weeks have shaken that assumption. Several accidents have occurred — the one at Glasgow appalling. But, on the whole, railway travel is well managed here. Our great trains would fit this little island as Saul's armor fitted David.

We saw the last of England for a few weeks when the cliffs at Dover faded away in the misty haze. It was a choppy sea, a staggering, stumbling boat like the old side-wheelers we used to travel on when California was reached by the Isthmus of Panama. What

Great Changes in Ocean Travel

since those days! One can get sick on an ocean liner, I am told! But the motion of the old side-wheeler gave you no chances. The motion was all ways at once. The machinery took up the best part of the boat, and the odors were nausea-compelling. The ship of today is very different. The motion is not the same. Unless you are unfortunate enough to be located by the pantry, the air is sweet; there is no stuffiness. The chances are that you will not be sick, or, if so, that it will be only an incident.

The first Cunarder was 207 feet long with 740 horse power of engine, and took more than two weeks to get across the ocean. The "Campania," on which we are booked to return, is 625 feet long and 26,000 horse power, and has a record of less than six days between New York and Liverpool. Other ships are larger and faster, and still others are being contracted to beat the fastest afloat. Soon crossing the ocean will be reduced to a positive luxury to those who are most susceptible to *mal de mer*. This has been well nigh secured by the "Ivernia" and "Saxonia," sailing from Boston.

As I am talking about England, it is appropriate to speak of this great English

line. It has withstood all competition and stood out from all combines. It seems to be a pet of the British Government, which is giving it a great subsidy and incorporating it into the navy as an auxiliary.

My impression of England is as of

An Older America.

It has lived some of the things we have not been obliged to live, and do not wish to repeat. It has triumphed over some things which fortunately we have not been called upon to conquer because we have received them as our legacy. It forced upon us, or attempted to, some principles which compelled a self-assertion and reliance wholesome to a young nation.

Today an interaction is taking place — Houses of Parliament and of Congress are watching each other; business and religion are mutually studying methods. We have much to learn of each other. We are learning. And the world will be wiser. It is good for the two peoples to travel in each other's lands. The Rhodes scholarships that give young men from America the privilege of studying at Oxford should be duplicated by a like privilege to English young men in America, allowing them the choice of our colleges. The true American must be proud of England. The intelligent Englishman cannot be indifferent to America.

Paris, Aug. 10.

"DOWN ON THE LABRADOR"

REV. DILLON BRONSON.

SEVERAL years ago, in a new church in Berlin, Germany, I saw columns of beautiful blue marble which seemed to be inlaid with mother-of-pearl. On inquiry, I learned it was Labrador marble, and I then determined that, as soon as possible, I would see the land that could produce such splendid stone. It was in fulfillment of this resolution that we sailed, Aug. 7, from St. John's on the ship "Virginia Lake," which belongs to the Reid Newfoundland Co., and makes the Labrador trip several times each summer, calling at fifty harbors along the coast and consuming about sixteen days in covering a total distance of two thousand miles. After touching at four Newfoundland ports, we cross the straits, and in twenty-four hours from the last port reach Battle Harbor. Among the fifty places at which mail is left we mention only Dear Islands, Domino, Snug Harbor, Seal Islands, Black Tickle, Venison, Indian, Smoky and other Tuckles, Makkovik, Turnavik, Cartright and Rigoulette, the last two being stations of the Hudson Bay Company.

We have now reached Nain, the northernmost port of call, an important Moravian mission and the rendezvous of polar exploration parties. Our ship is of less than 500 tons net burden, 180 feet long, and carries about thirty first-class passengers. Every March she goes "to the ice," carrying about 200 men and taking 25,000 or more seals in a few days. The skin and fat, worth about \$2 per seal, is saved, and the carcass is left upon the ice. We have on this trip about a dozen tourists — a very unusual number. An agent of the

Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. is locating five stations on this coast, which will prove a great blessing to the people, who must now keep watch several days and nights if they wish to catch the steamer. We have also the Newfoundland Minister of Agriculture and Mines, who offers us icebergs and islands at fifty cents each, and Col. Glazier and party, who leave us at this place to do some exploring in the interior preparatory to the publication of a book on Labrador from the Colonel's fertile brain.

Last Sunday I conducted the first religious service ever held on this ship, the captain and several of the crew and all the passengers being reverent worshipers. We have had much fog, and usually anchor over night. Once we could not find our harbor, and when at last the fog lifted we sent a boat ashore to learn our whereabouts, and found we were twenty miles out of our course. Again we put to sea about sunset and found the fog so dense outside that our cautious captain turned squarely about and returned to the harbor for the night. The journey is very restful for one who does not mind roughing it a bit, and has a good strong stomach; and it costs only about \$2 per day, including everything. We are never troubled with telegraph, telephone, cars, or even newspapers. On all this coast we have not seen a wagon, a horse, a cow, or a long bird. The coast is very bleak and barren—granite rocks covered with moss—and the sun hardly ever shines. The mercury has stood about 40 degrees on deck constantly, and the air is very chilly, though we are in about the same latitude (57°) as Aberdeen, Scotland. The peninsula would not be inhabited by white men at all were it not for the millions of codfish that throng its waters and can be caught by the boat-load with hooks and no bait—a process called "jigging." Every few hours we anchor before a group of little fisher huts, constructed of sod and stones or a few boards, with countless cod drying on the rocks or piled after being cured, like cord wood in the sheds. The "codfish aristocracy" of the coast are always glad to see us and eager for news of the fishing from other harbors. They swarm the ship in their little boats and beg for papers, books, and even tracts—anything to read. How sorry we are that our supply is exhausted and we have no more HERALDS for them. Next summer we propose sending good literature to Capt. Eli Dawe, of St. John's, who will see it distributed among these brave and serious fisher-folk who hold to the Puritan Sabbath, do not curse and blaspheme or drink intoxicants, but talk much of death and the joys of the real life where there is no more burdensome toil and no more sea. Every one talks fish by the quintal (112 lbs.), and a catch of 100 quintal per man is fair work for the season and brings about \$300. The 20,000 fishermen are all Newfoundlanders, and are now preparing to return home for the winter, most of them satisfied, a few having toiled all summer and taken almost nothing.

Our ship carries a doctor, a good Methodist from Harbor Grace, who goes ashore to visit the sick and prescribes for the men who come to him on board. Dr. Grenfell, whom we met last Sunday at Turna-

vik, goes up and down the coast on his steam yacht "Strathcona," healing the sick and superintending the two little hospitals of the Deep Sea Mission at Battle and Indian Harbors. Of our visits to the Moravian Mission stations of the Eskimos and their savage dogs, and of the glorious icebergs, I must speak in my next epistle, which will be my last. The editor asked for a letter, and if we do half as well as we are expected to, we feel quite virtuous.

Nain, Aug. 17.

Forgiveness

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul
wrong ;
So, turning gloomily from my fellowmen,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-
place ;
Where, pondering how all human love and
hate
Find one sad level ; and how, soon or late,
Wrongoed and wrongdoer, each with meek-
ened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common
grave
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none
• depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I
forgave !

— J. G. Whittier.

Unanswerable Data

From *Central Christian Advocate*.

THE pessimist will have to battle with the sunshine if he is lamenting the decadence of religion. The churches are building and dedicating in this country an average of fifteen churches a day. The distribution is as follows: Methodists build three churches a day, Baptists two, Lutherans one and one-half, Roman Catholics one and one-half, Presbyterians one, Episcopalians one, Congregationalists three-quarters, and miscellaneous, which would include Reformed, United Presbyterian, Disciples of Christ, United Brethren and Southern Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist bodies, one and one-half. The average daily expenditure for new churches is about \$9,000.

Things the Bible Made Possible

From *The Bible Society Record*.

IF you ask why the Reformation became a permanent fact—it is because of Luther's Bible, and the King James Bible.

If you ask why Englishmen fought for constitutional liberty, it is because they read and believed the King James Bible.

If you ask why the American shores were peopled with Puritans and Pilgrims, it was because of the ideas of political liberty and spiritual truth imbibed from the King James Bible.

If you ask why American farmers dared defy an arrogant king, it was because their fathers were brought up on the King James Bible, and because America is the child of Bible-reading England.

If you ask why the United States engaged in war in behalf of suffering Cuba, it is because so many generations of Americans had read and re-read the Book which teaches on every page, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

If you ask why English literature has been what it has, it is because so many of its master spirits, like John Ruskin in our own day, were trained from infancy in memorizing the clear sentences and glowing imagery of the English Bible.

Ministers' Inadequate Salaries

From *Leslie's Weekly*.

WE are gratified to learn from so careful an authority as the *Congregationalist* that there is "a little upward tendency in ministers' salaries today." The tendency can go a long way upward before the ministry as a profession will be in danger of suffering from an overplus of worldly goods and chattels. Probably no class of workers has actually shared less in the great material prosperity of the country during the past few years than clergymen. The cost of living has greatly increased in these same years, while their stipends, as a rule, have remained the same. The minister is restrained by the character of his profession, as men of other professions are not, in indulging in business speculation on his own account, no matter what opportunities he may have, although he is expected at the same time, with his family, to maintain a standard of living as high at least as the average of his congregation or of the community in which he lives. As a matter of fact, if the average salary paid to ministers throughout the country were increased at once by fifty per cent., it would only be an act of common justice and fair dealing to a class of men to whom the country owes far more for light and leadership than money itself can ever repay.

A Sane View

From *The Examiner (Baptist)*.

THAT portion of Palestinian society to which Jesus addressed His most stinging words was, according to the standards of the time, the most eminently respectable class in the community. It is not presumable that the Scribes and Pharisees ever went to the theatre, or played cards, or did anything so "worldly" as to dance. Yet our Saviour's reiterated, "Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" constitutes the most scathing indictment in history. Beside it Cicero's arraignment of Catiline, Burke's brilliant denunciation of Hastings, or "Junius'" philippics against the British ministry, are tame and commonplace. What was the reason for this terrible invective from lips that usually breathed only "gentleness and grace?" Simply this: Assuming to be more saintly than the common run of people, they were covering with a cloak of pious observances characters actually more worldly and sinful than the very publicans and harlots whom they despised and denounced. Their worldliness did not consist in devotion to amusements and the gilded follies of "society," but in a state of heart. Outwardly fair, like whitened sepulchres, inwardly they were full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. And it is as true today as it was then that righteousness does not consist in abstention from certain acts judged by some to be wrong, but in purity of heart, in Christlike love, in genuine worship and service. The life will be right when the heart is right. The much-vaed "amusement question" will then settle itself. But no restraining from mere outward worldliness can avail before the searching eye of the omniscient Judge of all. As Jesus said: "Except your righteousness shall exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

THE FAMILY

SEPTEMBER

HELEN A. HAWLEY.

The calm, soft days are here,
The lyric of the year,
With song that hints of youth, yet faintly
dreams of age;
In a sweet minor key,
The common destiny,
Life's bloom soon past, to fade, its kindly
notes presage.

The air is filled with rest.
The weary year is blest
By this long afternoon of slumbrous, dozing time.
Thus it renews its strength,
Till it can don at length
A splendid armor, fit for victory sublime.

Not once for all, the song
Trills melody along —
The gentle lyric stops, then murmurs as
before;
Within September skies
No darksome shadow lies,
For after flower comes seed, and other
blooms in store.

Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings that remain.

— Whittier.

Try to follow the blessed steps of the
most holy life. Take His advice. Ask
yourself, in the moment of perplexity or
temptation, what would He do if He were
here? Nothing else will so surely lead
us into the way of holy living. — George
Hedges, D. D.

Crossing the sea does not revolutionize
characters. Crossing the narrow stream of
death makes no more revolution. Men are
fitting themselves to be what they will be,
whether in New York or in the new
heavens and earth. — Burdett Hart, D. D.

Three causes operate to form thorns on
bushes and trees — impoverished soil, dry-
ness of atmosphere, and intensity of light.
The thorns on life's tree are often due to
lack of food for the heart, aridity of the
mind, and the glare of publicity. — Congre-
gationalist.

When men do anything for God, the very
least thing, they never know where it will
end, nor what amount of work it will do
for Him. Love's secret, therefore, is to be
always doing things for God, and not to
mind because they are very little ones. —
Frederick William Faber.

God can do great things with our lives, if
we but give them to Him in sincerity. He
can make them useful, uplifting, heroic.
God never wastes anything. God never
forgets anything. God never loses any-
thing. As long as we live we have a work
to do. We shall never be too old for it, nor
too feeble. Illness, weakness, fatigue, sor-
row — none of these things can excuse us
from this work of ours. That we are alive
today is proof positive that God has some-
thing for us to do today. — Anna R. B.
Lindsay.

Don't measure God's mind by your own.
It would be a poor love that depended not

on itself, but on the feelings of the person
loved. A crying baby turns away from its
mother's breast, but she does not put it
away till it stops crying. She holds it
closer. For my part, in the worst mood I
am ever in, when I don't feel I love God at
all, I just look up to His love. I say to
Him, "Look at me. See what state I am in.
Help me!" Ah! you would wonder
how that makes peace. And the love
comes of itself; sometimes so strong it
nearly breaks my heart. — George Macdon-
ald.

* * *

What a sermon on beauty is every tree of
the wood! Stand in the orchard and look
at the black trunk, twisted and gnarled
into curves of beauty. Follow the branches,
peeping here and there amid the green
leaves and dainty blossoms of pink and
white. The shape, the color, the play of
light and shade — what a thing of beauty
it is, to please and gladden! Then come
again and gather the ripened fruit — what
fairness of form, what richness of color!
And not only good for food, but pleasant to
the taste, for in our very eating God cares
about the pleasantness of things. — Mark
Guy Pearse.

* * *

I once saw some portion of the flooring of
a mediæval prison. The oak was cut into
diamond-shaped points, so as to be as
hurtful as possible to the captive, and as
the walls were also of the same material,
he could not lean, sit, lie, or stand without
disturbance and pain. The fretful live in
that chamber. There is a better lodging.
"After they had committed themselves to
their Lord for protection, they betook
themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid
in a large upper chamber, whose window
opened towards the sun-rising; the name
of the chamber was Peace; where he slept
till break of day, and then he awoke and
sang. —

"Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus, for the men that pilgrims are
Thus to provide? That I should be forgiven
And dwell already the next door to heaven!"

— W. L. Watkinson, D. D.

* * *

Is it possible for any of us in these mod-
ern days to so live that we may walk with
God? Can we walk with God in the shop,
in the office, in the household, and on the
street? When men exasperate us, and
work wearies us, and the children fret, and
the servants annoy, and our best laid plans
fall to pieces, and our castles in the air are
dissipated like bubbles that break at a
breath, then can we walk with God? That
religion which fails us in the every-day
trials and experiences of life has some-
where in it a flaw. It should be more than
a plank to sustain us in the rushing tide,
and land us exhausted and dripping on the
other side. It ought, if it come from above,
to be always, day by day, to our souls as
the wings of a bird, bearing us away from
and beyond the impediments which seek
to hold us down. If the Divine Love be a
conscious presence, an indwelling force
with us, it will do this. — Christian Union.

* * *

The blind are called upon to exert the
muscles of their darkened eyes, to stretch
them as though they would see; and in the
strenuous working they should obtain their
sight. That is the figure which suggests
the kind of "looking" which is fruitful in
spiritual vision. They fixed their thought
upon God; they held it there, even though
the effort was productive of an aching
pain. And what was the outcome of their
gaze? They "were lightened." They
were made to sparkle. They were bright-
ened up, lit up, made cheerful. Depres-
sion gave way to buoyancy. Melancholy

yielded to cheerfulness. They became the
optimists. One has sometimes seen the
windows of a little cottage which faces the
sun, shine like burnished gold as they
caught the glory of the resplendent orb.
Every window pane was "lightened" as it
confronted the radiant glory. And so with
depressed souls and their Maker. If we
bring ourselves face to face with the Sun of
Righteousness, and remain in the fruitful
attitude, contemplating "as in a mirror the
glory of the Lord," we shall be "trans-
formed into the same image from glory to
glory." — REV. J. H. JOWETT, in "Thirsting
for the Springs."

* * *

In a dim-litten room
I saw a weaver plying at his loom
That ran as swiftly as an iterant rhyme;
And, lo! the workman at the loom was Time
Weaving the web of life.
'Twas parti-colored, wrought of Peace and
Strife;
And through the warp thereof
Shot little golden threads of Joy and Love.
And one stood by whose eyes were brimmed
with tears,
Poising the mighty shears
Wherewith, when seemed the weaver's will at
ebb,
He cut the wondrous web.

Time weaves and weaves, and his dark brother,
he
Will one day cut the web for you and me.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD, in *Independent*.

IN SEARCH OF CARDINAL FLOWERS

FRED MYRON COLBY.

THE queenly golden-rod was nodding
its graceful head to us over the
garden wall, and the clematis trailed its
feathery festoons along the fences and
among the hazel bushes by the roadside,
as we set out, on a mild September day,
after our favorite *lobelia cardinalis*. The
previous night had been chilly, making
the first blaze in the fire-place of our sitting-room
alike a decided comfort and a
cheerful sight. In the morning there
was a frost on the lowlands, but as the
sun came up and the mists cleared away,
one of the most beautiful of autumnal
days was ushered in. A soft violet haze
rested on the hills, and a light breeze
stirred the foliage just beginning to be
tinted with nature's first heralding of the
gaudy hues of a New England autumn.

The old farm-house stands dreamily
still under the shadow of its protecting
elms, the only sign of life a thin wreath
of smoke curling up from one of the tall
chimneys and almost imperceptibly melting
into the blue ether. We go out past
the great barn whose wide doors are open
(for Uncle John and his hired man are
cutting the aftermath in the upper lot),
past the row of bee-hives in the pear
orchard, and strike a narrow wagon path
that leads through a small field with a
southern slope. The track is carpeted
with short grass and ruck weed, and
along the sides are ranks of bitter-weed,
which leaves a yellow dust upon our
gaiters at the merest contact.

A gate with a high and narrow arch,
painted white, opens upon a railroad
crossing. The morning sun shines down,
shimmering and hot, upon the glistening
steel rails that run straight as a ramrod
for a quarter of a mile either way. Here
the golden-rod flourishes in unequalled
splendor. Long lines of golden radiance

border both sides of the track, overtopping the fences in many instances. It runs riot everywhere, in every variety, from little delicate sprays and modest knee-high specimens, to tall, stately, wand-like stems, wearing regal crowns seven feet in the air; and from simple, solitary plumes, modestly topping the stalk, to many branched, majestic breadth and amplitude. Crowding up close to the rails they shook their plump heads in the very face of the steaming locomotive without fear. The long, vanishing line had a gold border as far as the eye could reach.

A pair of bars lets us into the meadow lot, which is as freshly green as in spring. A row of choke-cherry trees by the side of a low stone wall offers a tempting display of fruit; and close beside them stand a half dozen butternut trees, whose leaves are already beginning to fall, along with occasional long, green, oval nuts. Blackbirds and chewinks were flying about from bush to bush and tree to tree. Robins and crows were equally common, and we saw a marsh hawk and an indigo bird, and heard the strange voice of the vireo, which is a shy bird and usually keeps out of sight, even in the woods which he prefers.

A brook, deep, broad and still, bordered by beeches, poplars, hemlocks and ranks of hazel bushes, flows through this low, green interval. Masses of the clematis, or virgin's bower, are involved in all the low shrubbery, reminding us of the lines:

'To later summer's fragrant breath
Clematis' feathery garlands dance
And graceful there her fillets weave.'

But we are in quest of cardinal flowers, and are approaching their favorite haunts. Ah! there is one just beyond, gleaming like a royal sceptre where it rises from the low brink of the brook—"lobelia attired like a queen in her pride." Yes, and there is another close beside it, its bright scarlet blossoms suggesting the gay colors of carnival time. But to get any quantity of them we must go farther on. The cardinal flower loves to hide its splendor in the deeper recesses, and is not by any means casually gathered. So we went down farther into the swamp, picking our way through long grass and sedge, moist bogs showing black, peaty soil, and a wealth of wild undergrowth.

The brook bisects the meadow, and running transversely across the interval are two or three deep ditches full of muddy water and intricate with tangled vines and all kinds of wayward stems. We followed one of the ditches through the lower part of the swamp, for there we knew that we should find handfuls of the gaudy "king's-fingers." The waters of the ditch sometimes sank nearly a foot below the surface, and, shadowed by the overhanging branches, had a forbidding, sinister blackness. The place was also the very habitat of mosquitoes. These annoying insects swarmed in the air and assailed us on every side with maddening pertinacity.

From this rank luxuriance the cardinal flowers garner their unequalled splendor. Nature does a curious thing when it creates this unrivaled flower, for it brings from the blackest and most unpromising

mud the brightest, richest blossom that a stalk ever upheld. Out of densest darkness this lustrous beauty ascends, showing how great are the possibilities that a fine purpose may bring to pass. It is the most noticeable of all our wild flowers. The stems sometimes rise to the height of three or four feet, the upper part of which is flower-bearing, forming a one-sided raceme a foot or more long of large flowers which are unrivaled in the intensity of their scarlet color. Specimens have been found in which the flowers are rose-colored, or even white.

Several rods along we found numerous stalks of them "flashing among the sedges." In their secret solitude they seemed to have gathered an intenser flame, if possible, than in less inaccessible localities. Nothing can exceed their grace of form or delicacy of texture; but these qualities are subordinate to their matchless splendor of hue. It was as if King Midas had touched them with his wand of gold, transforming them into veritable sceptres. No conclave of cardinals ever made a more gorgeous display than the rich, fervid magnificence of these full, many-flowered stems.

These flowers lose very little of their glory when carried into the house. They glow almost as brilliantly in the parlor as by the dark, sluggish streams where they grow. The stems drooped somewhat on our way home, but water quickly restored their freshness, and for several days their superb beauty held intact, well repaying us for all our trouble in going after cardinal flowers.

Warner, N. H.

The Unbroken Bond

ONCE there was a woman who loved a man, and he died, and she sought some way to reach him where he was, and could not. And One came to her and said: "I have been sent to help thee, for thy crying has been heard. What is thy need?"

And she answered, "That I may find the soul of my husband, who is dead."

And the Shining One said to her, "That may be done only if there is a bond between you that Death could not break."

And she said: "Surely there is a bond! I have lain in his bosom, I have kissed his dear hands over and over for love of him, and my lips still tremble with the passion of his kisses."

But the angel shook his head and said, "There is no bond."

Then she raised her head proudly and said: "Surely there is a bond! I have held his children in my arms; with their innocence have they bound us together. By the sorrow in which I bore them there was an enduring bond."

But the angel said sadly, "Even this will not suffice."

Then the woman paled, but she said, "My spirit and that of my husband were one: in naught were we separate. Each answered each without speech. We were one. Does not that bond hold?"

But the angel answered very low: "It does not hold. In the domain of Death, all these bonds of which thou speakest crumble to nothing — the very shape of them has departed, so that they are as if they never were. Think yet once more before I leave thee if there is one thread to bind thee to him whom thou lovest, for if not, he has passed from thee forever."

And the woman was silent, but she cried to herself desperately, "He shall not go

from me!" And the angel withdrew a little way. And the woman thought and thought, with deep inward communing, and after a space she raised her pale, drawn face and gazed with timid eyes at the pitying angel, and she said, though her voice was as the last whisper of the dying waves upon the shore: "Once — but it was long ago — he and I thought of God together."

And the angel gave a loud cry, and his shining wings smote the earth, and he said, "Thou hast found the bond, thou hast found the bond!"

And the woman looked, and lo! there lay in her hand a tiny thread, faintly golden, and it led into the darkness. — M. S. CUTTING, in *Atlantic*.

WHERE THE NEED IS SOREST

From the desert dunes behind thee,
With thy feet all sandal-sore,
And where still the sand plumes blind
thee,

While in front the breakers roar, —
In the place where the need is sorest
God maketh an open door.

Where the ramparts frown above thee,
And thy path is hedged about —
Though in this the Lord would prove thee
And dispel thy deadening doubt, —
In the place where the need is sorest
Are His angels to guide thee out.

When the night is black around thee
And the dun clouds mass o'erhead,
When the poisoned arrows wound thee,
From the bows of the alien sped, —
In the place where the need is sorest
Are His light and His healing shed.

When the heart is crushed within thee
By the greed and grind of wrong,
Nor joy nor delight can win thee
To trust and be glad and strong, —
In the place where the need is sorest
He filleth thy soul with song.

It is well! It is well, forever!
His plans and His ways are best;
He faileth His people, never,
Though He putteth them all to the test;
In the place where the need is sorest
He comes with eternal rest.

— Selected.

THE BORROWED RING

ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

MARGARET SARGENT had gone to the window many times that day. The clouds in the early morning seemed dense and heavy, and should it turn into a rainy afternoon the party at "Ridge View," the lately-acquired summer residence of the Hitchburns, would of necessity be postponed, perhaps abandoned altogether.

'Twas to be an "Ye Olden Time" gathering — so the invitations on the stiff brown paper read. The sports of "ye fathers and mothers" were to be indulged in, and an old-fashioned candy-pull was to furnish refreshments.

"Of course that won't be all we'll have," thought Margaret; for wonderful tales of the Hitchburn hospitality had followed them from their sumptuous city home. "A candy-pull is just for the fun of the thing — to give us something to do!"

By one o'clock the sun was shining, faintly to be sure, but 'twas evident it was elbowing its way persistently through the picket clouds, and all fear of a rainy afternoon had vanished.

"I wish I had something more than a

stickpin to wear, my stock seems so bare," and Margaret took a step backward to get a different effect in the glass. "I wonder" —

She reflected a moment, looking intently into the mirror.

"That medallion of Miss Lundy's would be — it's just the thing! I wonder if she'd loan it this afternoon. I'd be awfully careful of it; and she isn't invited."

Laying down her handkerchief, Margaret ran along the narrow hall to the room in the front part of the house of their one summer boarder, Miss Lundy, who had come there, that season, for the rest and quiet the secluded little home afforded. There was no answer to Margaret's eager knock save the creak of the hinge as the door moved slightly ajar.

"There! I'd forgotten!" exclaimed Margaret. "Miss Lundy's gone to Hebron for two days — won't be back till Thursday," in a tone of disappointment.

She stood irresolutely on the threshold and peeped into the room.

"It's on the bureau. She wouldn't care if I borrowed it — just once. She wouldn't want it — not while she's gone. And my dress — 'twill make such an improvement!"

Margaret Sargent tiptoed softly into the guest's room with that air of guilty secrecy that invariably accompanies self-excused wrongdoing. On the bureau was the pretty medallion, while beside it, in the blue china pin-tray, lay a turquoise ring of exquisite pattern and workmanship.

"Oh!" Margaret gave a hurried exclamation of surprised delight, as her eyes fell upon the beautiful turquoise. "Whoever saw anything so lovely?"

She picked up the ring and slowly slipped it on her finger.

"It's a little loose — but I could wear it. She wouldn't care; I'll put it back just as soon's I get home."

Margaret hesitated a few moments before the bureau, admiring her jeweled finger.

"I'll make the stickpin do," she decided, "and take the ring;" and, softly closing the chamber door, Margaret hurried back to her own room. "I hope the Hitchburns will see it — it's such a beauty!"

And they did. At least, Miss Ethel observed it. They were out on the west veranda, waiting for the candy to be ready for pulling.

"An heirloom?" and Mrs. Hitchburn's eldest daughter took Margaret's hand.

"It" — Miss Ethel apparently didn't notice Margaret's confusion.

"What an exquisite thing! One so rarely sees nowadays such an antique pattern and such delicate tracing. Pride — or a little vanity — *might* be pardonable in one possessing such a family heirloom," smiling. "Isn't it a trifle loose?"

"Yes, a little," replied Margaret, recovering her self-possession.

"Now have we all partners for the candy-pulling?" asked Mrs. Hitchburn, at that moment coming out on the veranda. "Phil has no one. If it would be agreeable, Miss Sargent — you've met my son, have you not?"

In the midst of their enjoyment a maid brought out a tray of dainty flowered boxes.

"You are each expected to take home with you a box filled with the candy you pull," announced Miss Ethel. "Don't let any one forget."

"I'll take mine to Miss Lundy for the use of her ring." 'Twas the first time Margaret had thought of the turquoise since the candy-pull had begun, and now hers was almost ready to be cut into sticks. "I'll want those for her real short and thick — they'll look better in the box."

On the way home Margaret glanced down at her hand — the ring was gone! She gave a startled cry. "Miss Lundy's turquoise! I — I've lost it!" She grew faint and weak at the discovery. "I probably lost it on the veranda."

Hurriedly retracing her steps, she hastened back to the Hitchburns', but a careful search failed to discover the missing ring.

"Was it the heirloom?" asked Miss Ethel, sympathetically. "It's such a pity — such an exquisite thing!"

"Don't worry about it, dear," soothed Mrs. Hitchburn, noticing the expression of pain on Margaret's face. "We'll have the gardener rake over the lawn very carefully, and we'll probably find it again. I'll send it around immediately."

"Why did I take it — why did I?" exclaimed Margaret pitifully, on the way home. "Miss Lundy's been so kind; and she'll go now — and we do need the money so much! And 'twas an heirloom; it must have been — such a curious pattern!"

"I've a surprise, dear," said Mrs. Sargent, meeting her daughter at the door. "Miss Lundy is back — didn't go to Hebron after all. It seems so nice to have her here. I really missed her the little while she was gone. You're not sick, dear?" noticing Margaret's pale face.

"Oh, no, mother — only a little tired," wretchedly.

In the narrow lower hall, as Margaret was putting her hat away, she met their boarder.

"Was it a success — the party?" asked Miss Lundy, smiling.

"Yes," without looking up, "and I've brought you a box of our candy, Miss Lundy."

"Oh, how dainty!" taking the flowered box. "You are very thoughtful, and I appreciate very greatly your kindness. I'm especially fond of molasses sticks. We used to call them at home, my brothers and I, our 'domestic brand.'"

"She doesn't know," in a doubtful tone of relief, as Margaret closed the door of her room. "How can I tell her — and mother?"

But early the next morning Margaret's mind was made up — she could stand the suspense no longer. Yet she stood some minutes before Miss Lundy's door before she could summon sufficient courage to rap.

"Come in!" 'Twas Miss Lundy's same cheery voice.

"Then she doesn't know — hasn't missed it yet," thought Margaret. "And I must even tell her it's gone!"

Her heart beat violently; it seemed as though Miss Lundy must hear it from her low rocker by the window.

"I — O, Miss Lundy!"

There in her lap lay the lost turquoise

ring, with a trace of molasses candy still visible about the setting.

"I — I borrowed it, and lost" —

"I know it, dear," gently, "but you returned it to me again. And I'm so relieved, for I wanted to give it to a sweet, generous girl I know — one who has helped by her many thoughtful acts throughout the summer to make me strong again."

Margaret was deeply mystified.

"I took it from my trunk before I left, and laid it on the bureau, and then it entirely escaped my mind till I found it in one of the pieces of candy you gave me. And then I guessed the secret of it's being there."

"And you must have thought me a — O Miss Lundy!"

"No, my dear," divining Margaret's meaning — "only thoughtless," drawing her closer. "And now I want to give it to the one who has been so helpful, with an added purpose — that it may in the future help her to *think*."

Bloomington, Ill.

Brighten Up

A WIDOW went into a photographer's to have her picture made. She was seated before the camera wearing the same stern, hard, forbidding look that had made her an object of fear to the children living in the neighborhood, when the photographer, his head out of the black cloth, said, suddenly, "Just brighten the eyes a little."

She tried, but the dull, heavy look still lingered.

"See here," the woman retorted sharply, "if you think that an old lady that is dull can look bright, that one who feels cross can become pleasant every time she is told, you don't know anything about human nature. It takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face."

"Oh, no, it doesn't! It is something to be worked from the inside. Try it again," said the photographer, good-naturedly.

Something in his manner inspired faith and she tried again, this time with better success.

"That's good! That's fine! You look twenty years younger!" exclaimed the artist, as he caught the transient glow that illuminated the faded face.

She went home with a queer feeling in her heart. It was the first compliment she had received since her husband had passed away, and it left a pleasant memory behind. When she reached her little cottage, she looked long in the glass, and said: "There may be something in it, but I'll wait and see the picture."

When the picture came, it was like a resurrection. The face seemed alive with the fires of youth. She gazed long and earnestly, then in a firm, clear voice, "If I could do it once, I can do it again."

Approaching the little mirror above her bureau, she said, "Brighten up, Cathrine," and the old light flashed up once more.

"Look a little pleasanter!" she commenced, and a calm and radiant smile diffused itself over her face.

Her neighbors soon remarked the change that had come to her.

"Why, Mrs. A., you are getting younger! How do you manage it?"

"It is almost all done from the inside. You just brighten up inside and feel pleasant." — *Missionary Review*.

— Jones: "You are looking better than you did the last time I saw you."

Brown: "Yes, I have got wholly over the

effects of my summer vacation, and am now building up my strength in preparation for next year's vacation."

BOYS AND GIRLS

SAINT AND HERO

"Auntie, who are the heroes?
Tell me, or don't you know?"
I looked up from my sewing:
"Mother and Uncle Joe."

Mother's eyes so peaceful
Gave a reproachful look.
"Esther, why don't thee answer?
Read to her out of a book."

Dutifully I obeyed her —
Read of the olden days;
Of knight and bold explorer,
And deeds that men will praise.

But mother has lain there suffering
Without a word of complaint,
Until — though she doesn't know it —
She is our household saint.

And Joe! My darling brother!
Bravely he put aside
His love and strong ambition,
And all his youthful pride;

Hid them away forever,
Thinking no one would see,
To care, as was just his duty,
For mother and Sue and me.

And when that child is older,
I'll see that she shall know
That none of the saints and heroes
Equal mother and Joe.

— ANNA S. REED, in *Congregationalist*.

HOW AMY NAMED THE BABY

HE was such a wee, squirming, red-faced bit of humanity, and she persistently wrinkled up her small apology for a nose in a manner that was peculiar, to say the least. But she was a most important little personage for all that. As eight-year-old Amy tersely explained: "She was the onlyest baby in both our families."

Now Amy herself was the "onlyest auntie" of the tiny newcomer; and, as she was an extremely conscientious child, she had a keen sense of her responsibilities. It was a matter of grave concern to her that this precious baby had reached the mature age of six weeks without a name. In a family hitherto noted for its harmony, it did seem queer that no one member could agree with any other when the important subject of naming the baby came up for daily discussion.

The Proud Young Father frankly confessed that no name as yet proposed seemed half sweet enough for the fair little daughter, who lay placidly sucking her wee thumb while the controversy waxed warm around her.

In the depths of her heart, the Dear Little Mother favored Esther, the name of her own beloved mamma; but there was Grandma Otis to be considered, and Esther Belinda and Belinda Esther were equally inharmonious.

Theodore, a Harvard sophomore, who played the part of "Amused Uncle," though secretly one of baby's warmest admirers, sent home a weekly budget of names regularly, all too ridiculous to be considered.

Then the Onlyest Auntie made a tremendous sacrifice. She confidently proposed "Violet Rose," the sweetest name in her small vocabulary, which she had privately reserved for the time when she herself should enter the grown-up world and have a little girl of her own.

But practical Grandma Otis immediately declared, with the emphasis that usually settled things, that it wouldn't wear well — as if it was silk for a waist pattern, or a piece of calico! Even the Dear Little Mother smilingly shook her fair head, wafting a kiss to the Onlyest Auntie to soften her disappointment.

Rumors of the discussion had spread beyond the walls of baby's cottage home, throughout the little village which she had honored by her coming. Indeed, it bid fair to become a matter of national importance; for every mail brought anxious queries and suggestions from solicitous uncles, aunts, and cousins scattered throughout the Union. This served, of course, to increase the difficulty of decision by swelling the list of possible names to alarming proportions.

The Onlyest Auntie crept down to the deserted library with a heavy heart. She climbed up into the Proud Young Father's chair, helped herself to a sheet of newspaper, and produced the stub of a pencil from the depths of her small pocket. Then she carefully wrote thereon the Christian names of baby's immediate family:

Zachary (Grandpa Otis).
Belinda (Grandma Otis).
Luther (Grandpa May).
Esther (Grandma May).
Edward (Proud Young Father).
Isabel (Dear Little Mother).
Theodore (the Amused Uncle).
Amy (the Onlyest Auntie).

Now it did seem a shame that baby could not receive at least some combination selected from the names of these fond relatives to carry through life as a visible sign and token of the love they bore her. But even the Onlyest Auntie gave up in despair after a half-hour of intent study.

Amy possessed what Grandpa Otis called the "Otis knack" of correct spelling. She could amuse her small self for hours with the box of logomachy letters, and easily beat her elders in the number of transpositions she could produce from a single word.

A pair of shears lay upon the library table, and she deftly snipped off the capital letters from her list of names, and, with a weary little sigh, mechanically proceeded to arrange them on the cover of an old atlas. An L, an I, and a Z — why, with an E and an A they naturally formed Eliza — of course! Now there were T and B and E left over. These, transposed and added, readily gave Elizabeth. Oh, for one more letter! There was dear Aunt Harriet, to be sure; but there, too, were Aunt Gertrude and Aunt Lavinia. Amy was far too tender-hearted to inflict a lifelong slight upon these well-loved relatives.

Then the Onlyest Auntie had an inspiration. Parson Snow, the good old family minister for three generations! And, as if in direct anticipation of this very emergency, he had been christened Henry. Amy had an intuitive sense of the fitness of things, and it did seem as if

the ministerial initial at the end gave just the crowning touch of dignity.

Only one thing remained to be done. Amy slid from the high chair, flew across the room to the book-case, and tugged down the big dictionary. Her chubby forefinger trembled with excitement as it zigzagged down the long list of "Names of Women." E-l-i-z-a-b-e-t-h, "Consecrated to God." How could there be a lovelier name for that darling baby?

Amy caught up the old atlas, and rushed upstairs to the quiet room where the Proud Young Father and the Dear Little Mother sat hand in hand, blissfully guarding the slumber of their first-born.

She eagerly explained her plan, as she hastily gathered and rearranged the letters, which had been wafted in all directions by her breezy entrance.

The Proud Young Father and the Dear Little Mother were deeply interested at once. Baby immediately awoke, and entered a vigorous protest; but she then and there received her beautiful name, "Elizabeth," to the intense relief and delight of her Onlyest Auntie. — MARION E. PICKERING, in *Christian Register*.

OUR DAISY CHAIN



Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy O. Tandy

Who is this chubby, bright-eyed baby? Her name is Laura Haley Tandy, and she sat for this picture at the age of three-and-a-half months. She is now about thirteen months old, and, with several others, was baptized on Children's Sunday last June. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy O. Tandy, of Franklin Falls, New Hampshire. Her father and mother, her grandmother, Mrs. Lizzie T. Kimball, and her great-great aunt, Mrs. Mary A. Haley, are all readers of ZION'S HERALD.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Third Quarter Lesson XII

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1908.

1 PETER 4:1-11.

ABSTINENCE FROM EVIL

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.* — Eph. 5:18.

2. **THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER** was written at "Babylon" (supposed to be Rome) towards the close of the apostle's life. It was addressed to the "strangers" (dispersed Jews, principally, who had embraced Christianity) "scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, Bithynia." Its object was to console and confirm the sorely-tried disciples, to exhort them to vigilance and fidelity, and to encourage them to triumph over the sufferings of this present time, keeping a steadfast eye on Christ and their heavenly inheritance. Luther justly designates this Epistle as one of the most noble of the New Testament.

3. **HOME READINGS:** *Monday* — 1 Pet. 4:1-11. *Tuesday* — Rom. 6:1-11. *Wednesday* — James 1:21-27. *Thursday* — Eph. 4:11-24. *Friday* — Luke 21:29-38. *Saturday* — Eph. 5:11-21. *Sunday* — 2 Pet. 3:1-12.

II Introductory

The preceding chapter ends with Christ's exaltation to God's right hand, angels and authorities and powers being made subject to Him. Yet He, in the days of His flesh, endured suffering, being tempted, maligned, maltreated, crucified. Those to whom Peter was writing should remember this and clothe themselves with the armor of the same mind which He possessed. Being identified with Him, one with him, they should reckon that they died to sin in Him, especially to the sins of impurity in which they had formerly lived. Being in this sense dead, they had ceased to live as they had done, "in wine-swilling and roysterings," in shameful excesses and "abominable idolatries." The time past should suffice for that heathenish sort of life, even though the Gentiles reviled them for not continuing in the old way, and not plunging with them into the same "slough of dissoluteness." But these would-be seducers would be required to give an account to Him who was ready to judge both the living and the dead. For the dead must be judged. They had listened to the gospel which had been preached to them for this very purpose, namely, that, though suffering and chastening might be their lot in the flesh — the lot of all humanity — they might be empowered to keep God's holy law and live to Him in the spirit. Not forever would the present order of things continue: the end was at hand. He exhorts them, therefore, to sobriety of mind and life, to earnest prayerfulness, and to the cultivation of an intense fraternal love, reminding them that "love covereth a multitude of sins."

III Expository

1. **Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh** (R. V. omits "hath" and "for us"). — Because Christ, our Example, clothed in our mortal flesh, endured temptation, persecution, and even death; since He has set you "the example of doing right at any cost, even the cost of crucifixion." **Arm yourselves likewise** (R. V., "arm ye yourselves also") with the same mind. — Let the same spirit and pur-

pose which animated Him dominate and fortify you in your warfare which will not end till the flesh is crucified with its sinful affections and lusts. **He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin.** — "This general assertion rests on the fact that the flesh is the element of sin, and that he that hath mortified it by suffering has in the same proportion got rid of sin" (Alford). The body that is daily presented "a living sacrifice" in the flames of a holy self-denial, is constantly crucified; in such a body sin is slain.

2. **That he no longer** (R. V., "that ye no longer") **should live**, etc. — The meaning is: Arm yourselves with Christ's mind in order that the rest of the time of your mortal life may not be spent in sinful, corrupt indulgences (that these may no longer constitute your life), but in performing the holy will of God, which is life in its truest sense.

3. **For the time past of our life may suffice** (R. V., "for the time past may suffice"). — The connection is: Spend the rest of your time in right living, for sufficient of your past has been spent in wrong living. "Peter takes the lowest ground. For not even the past time ought to have been wasted in lust; but, since you cannot recall it, lay out the future to better account" (J. F. and B.). **To have wrought the will** (R. V., "the desire") of the Gentiles — to have lived as they wished and still wish you to live. The "Gentiles" are simply heathen as distinguished from Christians. The allusion shows that this Epistle was not written to converted Jews, but to those who had been redeemed from the unspeakable degradation of the heathen world. **When we walked** — R. V., "and to have walked." **In lasciviousness** — plural in the Greek; therefore including the various and basest forms of impurity. **Lusts** — unholly desires which resulted in "lasciviousness." **Excess of wine** (R. V., "wine-bibbings") — literally, boiling over or overflowing with wine. **Revelings.** — "The word originally signifies merely a merrymaking; most probably a village festival. In the cities such entertainments grew into carouses, in which the party of revelers paraded the streets with torches, singing, dancing and all kinds of frolics. These revels also entered into religious observances, especially in the worship of Bacchus, Demeter, and the Iduan Zeus in Crete. The fanatic and orgiastic rites of Egypt, Asia Minor and Thrace became ingrafted on the old religions. Plato, in the introduction to 'The Republic,' pictures himself as having gone down to the Piraeus to see the celebration of the festival of Bendis, the Thracian Artemis (Diana); and as being told by one of his companions that in the evening there is to be a torch-race with horses, in honor of the goddess. The rites grew furious and ecstatic. 'Crowds of women, clothed with fawns' skins, and bearing the sanctified thyrsus (a staff wreathed with vine leaves), flocked to the solitudes of Parnassus, Kitheron, or Taygetus during the consecrated triennial period, and abandoned themselves to demonstrations of frantic excitement, with dancing and clamorous invocations to the god. They were said to tear animals limb from limb, to devour the raw flesh, and to cut themselves without feeling the wound. The men yielded to a similar impulse by noisy revels in the streets, sounding the cymbals and tambourine, and carrying the image of the god in procession" (Grote). Peter, in his introduction, addresses the sojourners in Galatia, where the Phrygian worship of Cybele, the great mother of the gods, prevailed, with its wild orgies and hideous mutilations" (M. R. Vincent). **Banquetings** (R. V., "carousings") — literally, "drinking bouts."

Abominable idolatries. — Heathen idolatries were shamefully obscene. "With this monstrous wickedness Christianity had everywhere to struggle."

4. **Think it strange that ye run not with them.** — "It is not hard, even from our own experience, to picture to ourselves the surprise of the heathen when he found his friend refusing an invitation to a banquet, shrinking from contact with the prostitutes of Greek cities, or, when there, passing the wine-cup untasted" (Cambridge Bible). **Excess of riot** — slough of profligacy. The word "riot," in the original made up of the root of the verb "to save" and the negative particle, means wasteful, reckless prodigality. **Speaking evil of you** — "blaspheming" you. "The early apologists testify abundantly to the fact that the Christians were accused of all manner of crimes, and of haughtiness and hatred of their species" (Alford).

5. **Who shall give account** — of their wicked charges and calumnies, as well as of other sins (Jude 15). **To him that is ready to judge** — decisively, and at once. **The quick and the dead** — both those that shall be alive when Christ comes, and those that die before but shall be resurrected and brought to judgment; in other words, all men. "Hereby he intimates for their comfort that though their enemies and ill-willers might outlive them, yet they shall not escape God's judgment."

6. **For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead** (R. V., "for unto this end was the gospel preached even to the dead") — the "dead" referred to in the previous verse, the literally dead. "The Gospel, substantially, was 'preached' to the Old Testament church, though not as fully as to the New Testament church" (J. F. and B.). Alford, Farrar and others interpret the persons referred to as "dead" as those "spirits in prison to whom our Lord went and preached" (chap. 3:19). **That they might be judged according to man in the flesh** — referring either to the final judgment, "judged at the last in the same way as those living now" (J. F. and B.); or judged or condemned in the sense that their fleshly nature might be overcome — the same as to "suffer in the flesh" (verse 1); or "that they might be judged according to men" in the sense of being "punished, chastened as other men, in the body, by sickness, pain and death" (Peloubet). **But live according to God in the spirit** — the outer man perishing, the inward man renewed day by day. [For Farrar's views on this passage see "The Early Dawn of Christianity," pp. 93-95.]

7. **But the end of all things is at hand.** — "The end of all that they had known and lived in, the end of one great son, or dispensation, was indeed nigh at hand. The old order was changing and giving place to the new. There was to be a great removal of the things that were shaken,

A Bad Stomach

Lessens the usefulness and mars the happiness of life.

It's a weak stomach, a stomach that can not properly perform its functions.

Among its symptoms are distress after eating, nausea between meals, heartburn, belching, vomiting, flatulence and nervous headache.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures a bad stomach, indigestion and dyspepsia, and the cure is permanent.

Accept no substitute.

that had decayed and waxed old, that the things that could not be shaken might remain (Heb. 12:27) (Cambridge Bible). The apostles mistook the end of the dispensation for the end of the world. **Be ye therefore sober** (R. V., "be ye therefore of sound mind") — in the sense of temperance or restraint. Instead of living lascivious, profligate lives, keep mind and body under healthful control. **Watch unto prayer** (R. V., "be sober unto prayer"). — The word translated "watch" means both sobriety in opposition to drunkenness and also alertness. The meaning of the injunction appears to be, cultivate sobriety, abstinence, with a view to maintaining a prayerful frame of mind. "Be ye discreet and sober, that ye may be apt to prayers" (Tyndale).

8. Above all things. — See a similar expression in James 5:12, Col. 3:14. **Have fervent charity among yourselves** (R. V., "being fervent in your love among yourselves"). — The emphasis is on "fervent;" mutual love is presupposed; the apostle urges that it should be intense. **For charity shall cover** (R. V., "for love covereth") a multitude of sins — quoted from Prov. 10:12, except that there it is "all sins." "I do not see why we should not take the saying in its widest reference, understanding it primarily perhaps of forgiveness, but then also of that prevention of sin by kindness of word and deed, and also that intercession for sin in prayer, which are the constant fruits of fervent love. It is a truth from which we need not shrink, that every sin which love hides from man's sight, is hidden in God's sight also. There is but one efficient cause of the hiding of sin; but mutual love applies that cause: *draws the universal cover over the particular sin.* This meaning, so long as it is not perverted into the thought that love toward others covers a man's own sin by his merits, need not and should not be excluded" (Allard).

9-11. Use hospitality (R. V., "using hospitality") — an almost forgotten Christian duty under the modern conditions of living. **Without grudging** — R. V., "without murmuring." **Stewards of the manifold grace of God.** — Happy he who looks upon every endowment or possession, whether great or little, as God's gift, not for himself — for hoarding or for selfish indulgence — but for wise dispensing to all in need. **Speak... as the** (R. V., "as it were") **oracles of God.** — If the endowment be that of teacher or prophet, the discourse should be weighty and authoritative as befits one uttering God's message. **Minister... as of the ability** (R. V.,

YOUR PHYSICAL SALVATION

Never neglect constipation. It means too much misery and piling up of disease for all parts of the body. Death often starts with constipation. The clogging of the bowels forces poison through the intestines into the blood. All sorts of diseases commence that way. Most common complaints are dyspepsia, indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, liver complaint, kidney trouble, headaches, etc. The bowels must be relieved, but not with cathartics or purgatives. They weaken and aggravate the disease. Your physical salvation lies in using Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine instead. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It builds up and adds new strength and vigor. It assists the bowels to move themselves naturally and healthfully without medicine. One small dose a day will cure any case, and remove the cause of the trouble. It is not a patent nostrum nor liquor. The list of ingredients goes with every package, with explanation of their action. It is not simply a temporary relief, it is a permanent cure. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Send for the sample to-day. Address Vernal Remedy Co., 51 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by all leading druggists.

"strength") which God giveth (R. V., "supplieth"). — It one is especially called to serve others, let him do it with the lavish output of personal devotion which should characterize one who represents the bountiful God. **That God may be glorified.** — That should be the supreme, never-forgotten motive.

IV Illustrative

1. A saloon-keeper in Milwaukee — according to a prohibition journal — was remonstrated with for enticing the boys into his saloon, and this was his reply: "Oh! it is beezness, beezness — the old drinkers will soon all be dead, and where will my beezness be if I don't get the boys?" A regular saloon customer does not last over ten years on the average. Of course the jolly saloon keeper must look up means and methods of recruiting the ranks of his customers!

2. A soldier comrade one day said to General Sheridan, "Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?" "Don't manage; they are mischievous soldiers, but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out. Their little mother is a wonderful woman, and worth a regiment of officers. I often think what pitfalls are in waiting for my small, brave soldiers, all through life. I wish I could always help them over." "Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him the one most to be feared, what would it be?" General Sheridan leaned his head against the doorway and said, soberly: "It would be the curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, maybe full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe be to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor! Oh, I had rather see my little son die today than to see him carried in to his mother drunk! One of my brave soldier boys on the field said to me just before a battle, when he gave me his message to his mother if he should be killed: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one "drink" have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said, 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city'" (Doherty).

CURRENT EVENTS

The birth-rate in London last year was by 285 the lowest ever recorded in the metropolis, while the mortality of infants under twelve months reached the large number of 18,722. Consumption was the most active cause of death among the entire population of London, claiming 7,621 victims.

The revenue of the British Post-office for 1902-1903 was over \$75,000,000, representing an increase of about \$2,695,000 over the preceding year. The expenditures amounted to about \$54,000,000. The telegraph revenue was over \$18,000,000 — an increase of nearly \$770,000.

Kansas has seven living ex-governors. Two of the former State executives are farming, one is a member of the Dawes Commission, one has turned his attention to insurance, one has an agency for an Alaskan immigration company, one is a banker, and one is practicing law.

Provisions are being made for sailors at sea to vote at the forthcoming Norwegian general election. The captains of the ships are authorized to act as presiding officers.

A scientific expedition, financed and led by an American, Major W. C. Daniels, left Southampton, England, Sept. 1, for New Guinea. Major Daniels has equipped a schooner, and the Royal Geographical

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a **Home of Swamp-Root** pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, **Swamp-Root**, Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root**, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Society has furnished the instruments. Major Daniels will conduct the ethnological inquiry. Dr. C. G. Seligman will represent the Cancer Commission, and investigate pathological questions, while Dr. William Strong, of Trinity College, Cambridge, will have charge of the geographical and geological observations. The photographic work of the expedition will be executed by A. H. Dunning.

Contrary to a general impression the zebra is not on the point of extinction. The opening up of eastern Africa has revealed the existence of these animals in large numbers. The prophecy has been made by a United States consul that the mule will eventually be replaced by the "zebrula," a cross between the horse and the zebra. Experiments already made go to show that the zebra possesses a number of advantages over the horse and the mule, being immune against the deadly horse-disease of Africa, and not having the kicking propensities of the mule, and being also less stubborn and more lively.

Let no one presume, because Vermont and New Hampshire have abandoned a prohibitory law for a license law, and because there is talk of resubmission in Maine, that the cause of prohibition generally is losing ground in this country. Nay, this reflux tide in New England is only an incident in this great reform. There was never more prohibitory sentiment and conviction prevailing than today. The South is swept by it. The condition in Texas is duplicated in several States. An exchange says: "Governor Lanham, of Texas, himself a strong Prohibitionist, is much interested in the temperance wave which is sweeping over the Lone Star State. Already 130 counties have voted for total prohibition, 59 others are dry in spots, and in only 57 is liquor sold unrestrictedly." We expect to see Vermont, and perhaps New Hampshire, return to prohibition; and we have no idea that resubmission will carry in Maine.

OUR BOOK TABLE

The Laos of North Siam. By Lillian Johnson Curtis. Introduction by Robert E. Speer. Westminster Press: Philadelphia. Price, \$1.25, net.

The Laos country and mission-field has had hitherto no adequate portrayal. Mrs. Curtis, for four years a missionary there, having well used her time and opportunities, has supplied the lack in a very creditable manner. The language, industries, amusements, child life, home life, and religion of the people are fully depicted, and a sketch of the mission from its inception is given. One of the most astonishing things brought out is the great degree of freedom and authority possessed by the women. The man becomes a member of his bride's family, the property is hers, and she can divorce her husband at word or will, turning him out in the cold. So total a reversal of the usual condition of things in the East is hard to account for.

A Parish of Two. By Henry Goelet McVickar and Percy Collins. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Two sets of letters, twenty-three in all — one set written by one of the collaborators and the replies written by the other — are made to tell a very tragical love story, quite original, strong in the setting, and clever in the dramatic situations. One woman is loved by each of the two friends who correspond — an invalid clergyman and a man of the world — but they do not find it out until the close, when the worldling, under a misapprehension, writes a scorching letter which kills the other; then, discovering his mistake, he puts into the dead hand a paper in which he tries to make reparation, and which he wants handed to God. This, at least, is sufficiently unusual. The parish of two which the clergyman has are the woman and the man, to both of whom he tries to minister.

Hints for Lay Preachers. By F. B. Meyer. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents, net.

Not lay preachers only, but all who minister in the pulpit, might well ponder carefully these eighteen brief chapters of condensed counsel drawn from a long experience and most suitably set forth. Many whole lives are comparative failures through lack of noting some of the things here mentioned. For instance, Mr. Meyer says: "Everything depends on whether we work for God or realize that God is working through us." "Receive each sermon as a definite message from God, and engage in devout and earnest intercession before delivering it." "Let God infuse into your hearts a passion for His glory, a passion for the souls of men, that your words may glow and burn like coals." "A man may not speak with grammatical accuracy, or a wide choice of words, but if he speak with the passion of intense feeling, he is a great speaker, and men will be compelled to listen to him." He quotes Augustine's Creed, which is well worth repeating: "A whole Christ for my Salvation. A whole Bible for my Staff. A whole Church for my Fellowship. A whole World for my Parish." Some of the topics which Dr. Meyer treats well are "Faults to Guard Against," "The Use of Illustration," "Your Delivery," "Sermon Construction," "The Use of Other Men's Thoughts," "The Devotional Service," "Expository Preaching."

Revival Addresses. By R. A. Torrey. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1, net.

Here we have, in response to a wide demand, some of the sermons (taken down in shorthand and carefully revised by the author) which were so wonderfully blessed by God in Dr. Torrey's recent world-wide tour of evangelism. They were the means of multitudinous conversions when deliv-

ered, and will do much good when read. There are seventeen in all. Among the topics are: "Refuges of Lies," "What are you Waiting for?" "What it Costs Not to be a Christian," "Excuses," "Heroes and Cowards," "Three Fires." It is a good, straight gospel. Clear statement, searching application, and abundant illustration characterize the addresses. They will be helpful for preachers and speakers who wish to reach the multitudes.

Defending the Bank. By Edward S. Van Zile.

The Mutineers. By Eustace L. Williams.

On Special Assignment. By S. T. Claver.

Andy Barr. By Willis B. Hawkins.

Ahead of the Army. By W. O. Stoddard.

A Partnership in Magic. By Charles Battell Loomis.

These six books are all published in handsome cloth covers by the Lothrop Company of Boston at a price of \$1, net, each. They are wholesome books for boys — well-told stories of adventure, full of dialogue and incident, bringing in the Mexican War in one case ("Ahead of the Army"), and the Civil War in another ("Andy Barr"). Baseball at school is the topic of "The Mutineers," and reportorial experiences on the Western plains and elsewhere fill up entertainingly the pages of the "Special Assignment." They are a good deal alike, though each one has, of course, a specialty of its own.

A Young Man's Questions. By Robert E. Speer. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 80 cents, net.

A dozen books, little and large, are already to the credit of this comparatively young man, who is the busy secretary of a large Missionary Society. This speaks well for his industry, his knack at writing, and his brain power, for they are all good books. This latest is one of the best. It treats in a most admirable, forcible, sensible way such questions as: "Shall I Join the Church?" "Shall I Drink?" "Shall I Smoke?" "Shall I Go to the Theatre?" "Is it Wrong to Bet?" The longest chapter is about betting, the folly and wickedness of which he plainly discloses. His stand on amusements is a very high one. "The idea of helping to purify the stage by patronizing it is a futile idea," he says. "So long as the stage is as unclean as it is, and acting involves, as it constantly does, the simulation of the basest passions and emotions, and this even in 'good plays,' it is almost impossible for a man to support it at all without in a real sense lending his support to it all." We know of no better book to put into the hands of a young man than this. It is crowded with good things which we would like to quote.

The Gospel of Matthew. An Exposition. By A. C. Gaebelein. Vol. I. Gospel Publishing House: New York.

This volume (304 pages) takes up the first thirteen chapters. He who looks through these pages will find many things with which to agree, and other things that he cannot so fully approve. The author is a very pronounced Premillenarian, and very strong on the fulfillment of prophecy, being the editor of *Our Hope*, "a monthly magazine for Bible study, especially the Prophetic Word," in which much is to be found on "Zionism," "Signs of the Times," the "Apostasy," and similar themes, which are of intense interest to some. He has also written, "Harmony of the Prophetic Word," and "Studies in Zechariah." What he would be likely to say on Matthew may be easily inferred from these facts.

Schools for Spirits. By E. M. Wood, D. D., LL. D. Joseph Horner Book Co.: Pittsburgh, Pa. Price, 50 cents, paper.

Christian Science and similar humbugs — Mormonism, Dowieism, Theosophy, Spiritualism — are here thoroughly ventilated

and their unreasonableness exposed. There are chapters on "Faith Cure," "Telepathy," "Hypnotism," "Mesmerism," "Psychology," and the "Future Life." Any one interested in counteracting the great amount of delusion and evil connected with these matters will find much helpful material in Dr. Wood's volume. Its wide circulation would be a benefit to the world. It has no motto on the title-page, but, "Try the spirits whether they be of God," is evidently the animating thought.

The Biblical Doctrine of Holiness. By George L. Robinson, Ph. D., Professor of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. Winona Pub. Co.: Chicago. Price, 25 cents, net.

According to Professor Robinson, holiness is the most characteristic and fundamental attribute of God, and that man alone is holy who dedicates himself entirely to God. He makes a difference between holiness and sanctification, the former being an attitude, the latter a state. "Holiness is a life-long series of upright decisions; sanctification is an ever-increasing increment of spiritual capital and power." "Holiness is an ideal that can be pursued at all times; it is the source of every kind of human excellence. In short, true religion is holiness."

Studies for Personal Workers. By Howard Agnew Johnston. The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations: New York. Price, 75 cents.

These "Studies" are arranged with a view to a weekly meeting of a class of personal workers, and they cover twenty weeks. The topics are admirably selected and wisely treated. Some of them are as follows: "Man's Personal Responsibility for Men," "Ways of Personal Work," "The True Spirit of the Christian Worker," "Principles of Procedure," "Helping Weak Christians," "Secret Believers," "Notable Personal Workers." Under this last head eighteen examples are given, beginning with Ambrose of Milan, and ending with Robert R. McBurney; others mentioned are Drummond, Moody, Spurgeon, Wesley, Brainerd, Judson, Finney, Chalmers, Knox, and Luther. The reading of this book will not necessarily make a personal worker, but it will materially help in his training. The volume can be put, with likelihood of profit, into the hands of any active Christian man or

DOCTOR SAID

"Quit Wrong Food and Eat Grape Nuts"

An Illinoisan who has been through the mill says: "Last Spring I was so bad with indigestion I could not digest even soft cooked eggs and doctor said I must eat pre-digested food and prescribed Grape-Nuts. I changed for the better before I had used one package, eating it three times a day.

"My improvement on Grape-Nuts food was so wonderful that I concluded to use your food drink Postum in place of tea, and to make a long story short, I have not been without Grape-Nuts and Postum since, and my present health proves my doctor's wisdom in prescribing Grape-Nuts. I have got strong as a horse and well, and I owe it all to your delicious food and Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

In the making of Grape-Nuts food all the indigestible starches of the grain are transformed into Post sugar. Every particle of Grape-Nuts is digestible in the weakest stomach. Physicians have never found a stomach too weak to digest and assimilate it.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

September 9, 1908

woman. It will tend to make them more active and efficient.

Magazines

— In *Harper's* for September Prof. Lounsbury of Yale continues his discussion of "The Standard of Pronunciation in English." Dr. Allan Macfadyen writes on the "Effects of Low Temperatures upon Organic Life." Natalie Curtis describes "An American-Indian Composer," whose name is Kolanimpiwa, of the Hopi tribe, and gives a specimen of his songs. Nearly all the rest of the number is taken up with stories. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

— Dr. Pierson opens the September *Missionary Review of the World* with a brief but highly appreciative sketch of John Wesley and his mission. Following this is a very interesting description of "Christian Missions in Haiti," by Bishop James T. Holly of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Haiti — the last to be established there. Rev. Eugene S. Booth, of Yokohama, pays tribute to the life and work of Dr. Verbeck. Rev. R. B. Peery describes "Three Japanese Views of Religion." It is an excellent number, full of good things. This magazine from month to month is indispensable to him who would keep well informed as to the progress of the kingdom. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York.)

— The chief contribution to *McClure's* for September is by Ray Stannard Baker, who shows, under the heading, "A New Industrial Conspiracy," how Labor and Capital are learning to hunt together in Chicago and prey upon the general public. The revelation is a gruesome one, and this fresh development of chicanery and greed and utterly unscrupulous selfishness and oppression is fairly astounding in what it portends for the future. The professional man, the farmer, the salaried government employee, and all the host of men not engaged in the actual production or delivery of necessary material things, are likely to be crushed, or at least mercilessly robbed, by this new combination. The income of organized labor and the profits of organized capital go up enormously, while the men on salary and the great middle class pay far more for the necessities of life, with no adequate increase in their earnings. The unorganized public stands a pretty small show under this arrangement. There is food here for much thought. The day of the Golden Rule would not seem to be drawing nigh very rapidly. (S. S. McClure Co.: New York.)

— The *World's Work* for September is characteristically timely, vigorous, and comprehensive. There are many full-page illustrations which are very fine. The discussion of current events and happenings is so full as to leave out nothing of importance that the would-be intelligent reader needs to know. The specially illustrated contributions include: "The American Influence in Mexico," "Making Big Guns," and "The Model Preparatory School." (Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York.)

— The cover of *Country Life in America* for September is embellished with two great clusters of the most luscious purple grapes, so natural and inviting that one can hardly resist an attempt to eat some of them. The whole number pulsates with the breeziness of outdoor life; and lovers of the country can hardly fail to derive pleasure from the papers upon camping, driving, shooting, collecting of pheasants, etc., and also from the superb illustrations which accompany the text. (Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York.)

— *St. Nicholas* abounds, as usual, in interesting matter for the young, including a well-told baseball story, a little talk about a great poet, namely, Browning, a sketch of a school savings-bank, etc. The pictures, some of them irresistibly funny, add a great deal. (Century Company: New York.)

— The September *Atlantic* has a large variety of contributions (over twenty), and all of a high degree of merit. Dr. Lyman Abbott shows why the vast majority of women do not wish the suffrage, and he fully justifies their disinclination to enter into politics, which would necessitate neglecting their own proper work, for which government exists. "The great body of American women are true to themselves, to the nature God has given them, and

to the service He has allotted them — the direct ministry to life — and will neither be forced nor enticed from it by their restless, well-meaning but mistaken sisters." Mr. Herbert M. Horwill writes well of "The Bible in the Public Schools," concluding that the teaching of religion is the work of the churches and not of the State. Sir Leslie Stephen begins a series of "Early Impressions." Others write on Wordsworth, Browning, and Christopher North. There are four poems, two stories, and the beginnings of a short novel called, "Wild Justice." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.)

— The September number of the *Bookman* has a new poem by Lord Byron; a scathing criticism of Mr. Allen's "The Mettle of the Pasture;" an illustrated article on "The Real Evangeline," describing the places in Louisiana that have become associated with her name; and another installment of "The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature." (Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York.)

Literary Notes

— Hall Caine has begun to write a new novel, which he expects to have published in the autumn. The scene will be laid partly in London and partly in Iceland. Mr. Caine has just set out for the latter country for a month's sojourn.

— The literary critic of the *Chicago Record-Herald* expresses for the Lothrop house "an increasing admiration" because it "seems to be bending all its energies on books with life and blood and personality in them." The critic cites in illustration H. L. Wilson's "The Spend-ers," and the more recent "A Parish of Two," by H. G. McVickar and Percy Collins, the latter a pen name for Price Collier, whose name is well known in the leading Eastern cities.

— The first prose book by Bliss Carman will be published this fall. It is called "The Kinship of Nature," and will consist of a series of essays whose character may be guessed from the title.

— Several books about and on Whistler have already been announced. The authorized autobiography is to be done by Elizabeth Pennell, to whom all papers, etc., have been turned over by Whistler's family.

— The Ford family seem to be coming it strong in the making of books. There was James L. Ford, who made us all sit up with "The Literary Shop;" there was the late Paul Leicester Ford of "Janice Meredith" fame; and now there are two S. Fords who are in danger of getting themselves mixed. Indeed, Mr. Sewell Ford, who has a jolly, humorous story called "The Renunciation of Petrus" in the September *Harper's*, has had to unravel a tangle which got him mixed up with Mr. Simon Ford, the author of "A Few Remarks."

— The pronunciation of proper names will always be a perplexing problem, for though rules of accent and derivation may be applied in great number, the whim and fancy of the owner must be taken into account; he is, after all, the final authority, and, aside from his fancy, there may be the whims of his ancestors. Paul du Chaillu's name is very commonly pronounced in the Continental fashion, eliding the double l and saying "Shai-u." The great explorer once at a private dinner corrected this. "Madam," he said, "say to me, emphatically, 'Shall you? Shall you?' and you have my name."

— It will be good news to Margaret Sidney's wide audience that a new Pepper book is to be published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, her long-time publishers. It is called "Five Little Peppers at School."

— An interesting brochure on "The Doones of Exmoor" has just been published in England, which has for its object a consideration of the evidence for the stories in "Lorna Doone." The author concludes that the Doone tradition is of greater antiquity than has been generally supposed, even by Mr. Blackmore, and dates it as far back as the incursions of the Danes during the reign of Alfred the Great. He also corroborates the statement that Mr. Blackmore got his clew for the weaving of his great romance from a story entitled "The Doones of Exmoor," published at one time in that old-established family magazine, the *Leisure Hour*. The un-

failingly delightful which this wonderful story yields to readers, new and old, year after year, is attested by the fact that the *Harpers* report it as in constant demand. Especially is this true of their illustrated edition, the best one-volume illustrated edition on the market.

— The *Athenaeum* gives high praise to Miss Wilkins' ingenious stories in her recent volume, "Six Trees," and remarks that "the whole thing seems so simple that one has to make considerable effort to appreciate the delicacy and the skill of the author's subtle art." Only a close study of the trees and an intimate knowledge of nicely observed arboreal traits and characteristics which blend with the oddities and idiosyncrasies of her studies of human nature, treated with unaffected simplicity and quiet humor, could have yielded such results in an original field.

On Book Criticism

Book criticism has become a very prevalent vice. Every one does it — even the football-game reporter. Naturally enough, as for all things universally manufactured, easy methods have been invented. The very easiest is to write the review without reading the book. Doubtless this method has been in vogue longer than we realize, but certainly some ten years ago so established a critic as Mr. Andrew Lang dealt with his book by saying: "I have not read — Being repelled by the exceedingly ugly design on the covers, I did not open them." The covers in this instance chanced to have been designed by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and one can fancy the amazed disgust which these drawings at first excited. It must have equaled the popular feeling about Blake. In England, where the fault of the average man is that of taking himself and his business too seriously, Mr. Lang's airy repudiation of anything verging upon a sense of responsibility must have amounted almost to a witticism. In this country it would be found to have a less potent charm, because so entirely in the manner of the young girl just out of school, who feels that nothing matters now, so long as she has amusement enough. Here this method lacks novelty.

An equally interesting way of dealing with an author is that adopted recently by a reviewer in one of our own best reviews, in dealing with a book of serious art criticism. The reviewer says simply: "We are obliged to confess that, lacking the required knowledge . . . and sympathy, it may be . . . much of . . . book is incomprehensible to us." This way is candid and straightforward, and might even be serviceable as a self-revelation if only the author's name were signed, but, alas! it is not. Otherwise we might set down on the tablets of memory, "Mr. —, of the staff of —, knows nothing of art and admits it; skip his art criticisms henceforth." But only to know that an unknown reviewer knows nothing of art and says so, is waste knowledge.

A third method of book criticism is to rely entirely upon the interest of one's personality. This is a method readily learned and much in vogue. A well-known contributor who makes it his business to know of English books deals thus with Miss Keat's last volume: "It must be my fault, but I can't read the book with any pleasure. Her stories are to me tiresome and unattractive. I mention this not because it is of the slightest consequence whether I like Miss Keat's stories or whether I do not, but simply because of the fact that while to many they seem exceptionally good, I cannot read them." The value of this sort of book reviewing must rest entirely upon our reverence for the reviewer. Robert Louis Stevenson, by a chance sentence, has taught many a mortal to delight in the choruses of *Summon Agnus Dei*. How many of us would have really loved Coleridge, outside "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan," but for Pater, or known our Gray without Arnold's help? Symonds, Pater, Arnold, Swinburne, Saintsbury, have, by criticisms, opened many fields for exploration; their book criticisms are still books of criticism. — *Harper's Weekly*.

For Debilitated Men

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

It ranks among the best of nervotonics for debilitated men. Renews the vitality.

ADVICE

W'en you full o' worry
 'Bout yo' wo'k an' sich,
 W'en yo' kind o' bothered
 'Case you cain't get rich,
 An' yo' neighbor p'ospah
 Past his jest desu'ts,
 Ap' de sneer of comer'ds
 Strikes yo' heath an' hu'ts,
 Des' don' pet yo' worries,
 Lay 'em on de she'f,
 Tek a little trouble,
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

 Ef a frien' comes mou'nin'
 'Bout his awful case,
 You know you don' jine him
 Wid a gloomy face,
 But you wrassle wid him,
 Try to take him in;
 Dough hit cracks yo' teachuhs,
 Law! you smile lak sin.
 Ain' you good ez he is?
 Don' you pine to def;
 Tek a little trouble,
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

 Ef de chillun pestahs
 An' de baby's bad,
 Ef yo' wife gits narvous
 An' you's gittin' mad,
 Des you grab you' boot-straps,
 Hol' yo' body down,
 Stop a-t'inkin' cusswo'ds,
 Chase away de frown.
 Knock de haid o' worry
 Twell day ain' none'le' —
 Tek a little trouble,
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

— PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, in *Outlook*.

JOHN WESLEY -- A GREAT GIVER*

REV. W. H. MEREDITH.

“THE system of redemption is, from first to last, one prodigious process of giving. God loved the world and gave His only begotten Son. The Son loved us, and gave Himself to death for us all. This giving does not rest at the point of bounty, but passes to that of inconceivable sacrifice. Every man on whose spirit the true light of redemption breaks, finds himself heir to a heritage of givings which began on the eve of time, and will keep pace with the course of eternity. To giving he owes his all; in giving he sees the most substantial evidence he can offer that he is a grateful debtor. The self-sacrifice of Him in whom he trusts says, far more touchingly than words could say: ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’”

Thus spoke William Arthur, in his great address on “Proportionate Giving,” delivered in New York in 1855. This great Wesleyan not only understood the genius of the gospel of Jesus, he also was a follower of the Christlike John Wesley, who first gave himself unto God, and then gave all he possessed unto the people. Wesley was a very great giver. He gave his time, his toil, and his talents, including the money committed to his care, all to the work to which God had called him. Like General Booth and Dwight L. Moody, he was falsely charged with making money to enrich himself. Like them he scarcely stopped to vindicate himself from the charge. He knew that God would bring forth his “righteousness as the light,” whilst he, like his Master, “went about doing good.”

The poor were special objects of Wesley's care. May we not find a reason for this, not only in the Scriptures with which he

was familiar, but in his own early experience? He was born into a home of poverty. If ever the feelings of the rich and the fortunes of the poor met, it was in the Epworth Rectory. The whole life of the rector, from his graduation from Oxford until its close, was one hand-to-hand and death struggle with grim poverty. John somewhat escaped this when at school and college; but at college, until he obtained his fellowship, he had to live from hand to mouth, and not seldom was seriously embarrassed from lack of means. During a part of this time it is evident that he was improvident and suffered unnecessarily. His own early struggles, and those he knew of at Epworth, were doubtless so overruled that they became means of fitting him to sympathize with the poor and needy. Some great men have seemed not to know the value of money. It is said that Daniel Webster and Henry Ward Beecher were of this class. Their minds were occupied with what they deemed to be greater things. Wesley knew the value of money. At the opening of Oldham Street Chapel, in Manchester, England, on the site of which stands the great Central Hall of the Manchester and Salford Wesleyan Mission, the greatest mission of Methodism, and one of the greatest in the world today — “When Mr. Wesley went to open Oldham Street Chapel, as he sat in the vestry, all the dons came about him and began to talk about the ways and means. ‘Well, well, brethren,’ said Mr. Wesley, ‘if the work prospers, you'll have money enough.’ ‘Ah, sir,’ was the reply, ‘we know you never knew the value of money.’ Mr. Wesley took no notice, but bit his lips, and let them talk on. But during the sermon he recollects it, and began at once to speak of it. ‘I have heard today,’ said he, ‘that I do not know the value of money. What! Don't I know that twelve pence make a shilling, and twenty-one shillings a guinea? Don't I know that if given to God it is worth heaven — through Christ — and if hoarded and kept, it's worth damnation to the man who hoards it?’” His two sermons, on “The Use of Money” and “The Good Steward,” show his practical knowledge of Christian finance. In them he says: “Above all, He has committed to our charge that precious talent which contains all the rest — money. It is unspeakably precious if we are wise and faithful stewards of it.” “It may be eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, yea, a lifter up from the gates of death.” “Gain all you can; save all you can, give all you can,” was his advice to his followers. His practice ran parallel with his preaching. He once said that if he died worth ten pounds, independent of his books, he would give the world leave to call him a thief and a robber. This was his solemn intention. He seems to have gone a little beyond this, unawares, for he left behind him his chaise and horses, besides, as one has said, “a good library of books, a well-worn clergyman's gown, a much-abused reputation, and — the Methodist Church.” When a student at Oxford, one cold winter's day, he took from his walls pictures, sold them, and gave the money to a poor girl of the school which he was helping to support, for her to buy herself needful food and clothing.

His income there was thirty pounds a year. He lived on twenty-eight pounds and gave two pounds away. Though his income quadrupled in four years, yet he used only twenty-eight pounds on himself, and gave away ninety two pounds.

In 1780 he wrote: “Two and-forty years ago, having a desire to furnish poor people with cheaper, shorter, and plainer books than any I had seen, I wrote many small tracts, generally a penny apiece: and after-

wards several ‘larger.’ Some of these had such a sale as I never thought of; and, by this means, I unawares became rich. But I never desired or endeavored after it. And now that it is come upon me unawares, I lay up no treasures upon earth; I lay up nothing at all. My desire and endeavor, in this respect, is to ‘wind my bottom round the year.’ I cannot help leaving my books behind me whenever God calls me hence, but in every other respect my own hands will be my executors.” (Works, Vol. 113, p. 9.) His reply to the commissioner of excise is well-known:

SIR: I have two silver spoons here in London and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many round me want bread. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

He sometimes earned money unexpectedly. On one occasion when in London, while dining with a friend in the neighborhood of Blackfriars, he was requested by an eminent artist to allow a cast of his face to be taken, the gentleman offering him as a recompence ten guineas (a guinea a minute) for the time occupied in the operation. “O,” said Mr. Wesley, “I do not want anything of the kind; pray keep your money, and urge me no further.” “Sir,” returned the artist, “I will not detain you more than two or three minutes; do allow me to take the cast.” “Well, then,” replied Mr. Wesley, “if you can do it in the time you mention, I will submit.” Accordingly he lay down, and the artist succeeded in obtaining the likeness he so much desired; and then prevailed upon Mr. Wesley to accept the ten guineas. Soon afterwards, accompanied by Mr. Broadbent, Mr. Wesley proceeded towards the borongh, when his attention was attracted towards a crowd of people surrounding an auctioneer, and there was apparently some tumult. He requested Mr. Broadbent to inquire into the cause of this excitement; and it was speedily ascer-

TRIP THAT PAID

Ten Miles to Get a Package of Postum

Some sufferers won't turn over a hand to help themselves, but there are others to whom health is worth something. A German woman living in the country made a 10 mile trip to get a package of Postum. She was well repaid, for it brought health and happiness in return.

A translation of the good frau's letter says: “From a child I had been used to drinking coffee daily, but the longer I continued drinking it the worse I felt. I suffered with heart trouble, headaches and dizziness. Then I had such an uneasy feeling around my heart that I often thought death to be near.

“I gave up drinking coffee and tried hot water, but that did not taste good and I did not get well. Then I read some letters from people who had been helped by Postum Food Coffee, and I determined to try it.

“I had to go 10 miles to get a package, but I went. I prepared it carefully according to directions, and we have used it now in our family for nearly two years, drinking it twice a day. It agrees well with all of us. My heart and bowel troubles slowly but surely disappeared. It is seldom that I ever have a headache, my nerves are steady and strong again, and I am otherwise strong and well. My husband has been lately cured of his sick headaches since we threw coffee out of our home and have used Postum. Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, “The Road to Wellville.”

* THE REAL JOHN WESLEY. By Rev. William Meredith, author of “Pilgrimages to Methodist Shrines.” Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati. Price, \$1.25.

tained that the goods of a poor debtor were about to be sold. "What is the meaning of that shout?" said Mr. Wesley. The words caught his ear, "Turn him off! turn him off!" With some difficulty it was ascertained that the poor man was in dying circumstances, and that the inhuman creditor was determined to have the bed on which he was suffering. Mr. Wesley now rushed into the throng, and, seizing the auctioneer's arm, exclaimed, "How much do you want? What is the debt?" "Ten guineas, sir," was the immediate answer. "Here it is; take it, take it, and let the poor man have his furniture again," was Mr. Wesley's joyful reply. Then turning to his companion, he said, "Now, Brother Broadbent, I see why God sent me those ten guineas."

Tellord states that: "In 1782 he spent £5 19s. on his clothes, gave away £356 himself, and £237 13s. through his book steward. In 1783 the amount expended was £332 1s. 6d.; in 1784, £534 17s. 6d.; in 1785, £831 12s.; in 1786, £738 5s.; in 1787 (including traveling expenses), £961 4s.; in 1788, £738 4s.; in 1789, £766, and traveling expenses, £60. Even this statement does not fully represent the case. Samuel Bradburn said that, between the Conference of 1780 and that of the following year, Wesley distributed more than £1,400 in private charities. He told Bradburn in 1787 that he never gave away less than £1,000 a year." ("Life of John Wesley," p. 331.) He not only kept daily and hourly journals of his goings and doings, but also a close and accurate cash account until within a year of his death, when he wrote with a very trembling hand, in words almost undecipherable:

N. B. For upwards of eighty-six [which should be sixty-eight] years, I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is, all I have.

JOHN WESLEY.

July 16, 1790.

His physician, friend, and biographer, Dr. Whitehead, says: "It was supposed that, in the course of fifty years, Wesley

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gave away between twenty and thirty thousand pounds." Henry Moore, his biographer, says: "Mr. Wesley's accounts lie before me, and his expenses are noted with the greatest exactness. Every penny is recorded; and I am persuaded the supposed £30,000 might be increased several thousands more." He was a grateful giver as well as a great giver. Bradburn says: "He never relieved poor people in the street but he either took off or removed his hat to them when they thanked him."

That he always gave wisely, his greatest admirers could not claim. His brother Charles said he "was born for the benefit of knaves." He once set Charles to watch for them. He claims for himself that he was deceived less often than was Charles, though he always saw more good than evil in men. Henry Moore began to travel in 1779; he continued in circuit work until 1833, and died in 1844. He lived with John Wesley, who dearly loved him, and appointed him one of his three legatees (so often wrongly called trustees). He also became his biographer. In the last year of Moore's itinerary a young preacher named George Osborn resided with him. That young preacher became the nestor of British Methodism—Dr. George Osborn. He died in 1891, at the good old age of eighty-three years. His most valuable collection of "Wesleyana" and "Methodistics" is now enshrined in the library of Drew Theological Seminary, which holds perhaps the best collection in the world. Young Osborn, during his year under Henry Moore's roof, used to try to get Moore to write out, or to dictate, his personal memories of John Wesley. He could not succeed, but he himself made notes of Moore's table talk, which he never published, but which were found among his papers after his decease in 1891. The following extract will give us a realistic sketch of John Wesley as a great giver:

"On one occasion Mr. Moore said to his young colleague [Osborn]: 'Thank God, we have everything necessary, and a little more. It was not always so. I remember when I first came to London, and had not a second coat, nor could I procure another. We had a tailor among the local preachers, and I wore his coat while he turned mine. And at that time I was living in Mr. Wesley's house as his assistant. He used to say sometimes, 'Henry, you don't treat me like a friend; you never tell me of anything you want.' 'Indeed, sir,' I said, 'I'd be loth to rob the poor box.' I knew he gave away all he had. My wife, I remember, once had great difficulty in persuading him to have some new stockings, and at last bought them herself, and got the money afterwards from the stewards; and yet he sometimes gave away twenty or thirty pounds in a day. He was beset with beggars. They knew his times of leaving London and returning as well as he did. He had English and foreign, gentle and simple, all kinds of degrees. He never sent any empty away except once, on a Sunday morning, when going to preach at City Road, after the local preachers had breakfasted at his house. [A constant custom on Sunday morning; they often received their appointments for the day at the breakfast table.] Tommy Tennant went with him across the chapel yard, which was full of beggars. He had no money, and as they crowded round him, elbowed them away. 'What,' said he, 'am I to try to keep all the poor of the parish?' It was a frosty morning and he slipped and fell at full length on his back. 'There, Tommy,' said he, 'I've got my payment! I ought to have given them good words, at least.' At that time, said Mr. Moore, 'we gave all the class money to the poor and had eight poor stewards for London [then all one circuit]. The sacrament was administered every Lord's day morning by the clergymen who assisted Mr. Wesley, and that collection kept those at the chapel [City Road].'"

In answer to young Osborn's question: "Then how were the preachers paid, sir?" "Why, there was a table at the house, sir,

where they might eat their fill; and the stewards gave them a stipend of three pounds per quarter." "One day Mr. Wesley held a meeting at the Foundry of all the leaders, stewards, trustees, etc., to consult about providing bread and coals for the poor in winter, which was a favorite plan of his. One man who had ten thousand pounds said, 'Times are very bad.' Another, with six hundred pounds a year, said, 'Money is very scarce.' So Mr. Wesley was disgusted, and came away into the house, saying, 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith in the earth?' As he was going up-stairs, Betty McDonald—a half silly old woman who went singing about the house while doing her work, 'I love my Saviour because I know my Saviour loves me,' and other psalms of her own composing—called him down: 'Sir, I have something to say to you.' 'Well, Sister McDonald, what is it?' 'O sir, my sister's dead; I've just got word today.' 'Well, I hope she died in the Lord.' 'Oh, yes, sir, no doubt of that; she lived to the Lord and now she's gone to Him.' 'Well, give the Lord the glory, Sister McDonald,' and away he went. 'Oh, no, sir, I've something more to say; you must not go yet.' 'What is that?' 'Why, sir, she left me a hundred pounds.' 'Well, I'm glad to hear it; what are you going to do with it?' 'Do with it? What should I want with a hundred pounds? I have enough. Here it is, sir! Do you give it to the poor?' 'Ah, well,' said Mr. Wesley, 'I perceive there is some faith in the earth yet.' That poor woman, like her employer and pastor, was also a great giver.

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The beautiful Hoosac country and Deerfield Valley have been delightfully described by the Boston & Maine Railroad, but not until this year has the \$5 excursion trip, on Oct. 1, via this route and the Hudson River steamers, been at all detailed. This year a charming little booklet, which carries the reader from Boston to Albany and then down the river to New York, giving an interesting sketch of each passing point of interest and unfolding the scenic beauties of this region, has been published. It contains several beautiful illustrations of scenes in the Deerfield Valley and Hoosac Mountains and along the shores of the Hudson. It is invaluable as a guide to the intending excursionists, and is an interesting booklet, too, for everyone. It will be mailed free by the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, to any address.

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TO PRESIDING ELDERS AND PASTORS

DEAR BRETHREN: The General Conference of 1904 is rapidly approaching. The equipments of Los Angeles have been thoroughly examined and approved. The contracts have been made and proper bonds given by the authorized committees of that city for the faithful fulfillment of their pledges.

The Methodism of the Pacific Coast anticipates the coming session with great pleasure, believing that the presence and work of the General Conference will especially subserve the interest of our beloved church in the great West. Other denominations, through their legislative bodies and supreme councils, have visited and left their impress upon the States lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, and Methodism seems to be under obligation to do the same.

The General Conference Commission and the church and city of Los Angeles have done all in their power to limit for the church the needful expenses of the session. The fact, however, remains that the transportation of so many delegates and officials, so far from the centre of Methodist population, unavoidably enlarges the railroad item of cost.

The General Conference Commission, earnestly desiring to make full provision for the session and promptly to meet all its obligations, again plead that the *full apportionment* for General Conference expenses be raised. Anything less may seriously embarrass the General Conference and the church at large. The amount apportioned cannot severely tax any charge, while indifference or failure in a fractional part of the charges may put the whole church at a serious disadvantage in meeting its contracts.

Our people should remember that they are called upon for this purpose, not annually, not biennially, as are the members of several sister denominations, but only once in four years, and that their contributions are the only possible, legitimate source from which the needed funds can come.

We, therefore, pray for consideration, for promptness and for liberality, in the col-

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W. F. WHITLOCK, Secretary.

As to Vacations

From Christendom.

WE are in the height of the vacation season. Those men and women are very poor or very heavily loaded with responsibilities who will not abandon the routine of life and devote themselves to a few weeks' pleasure. Probably most of us take a vacation too vigorously. We should hardly be Americans if we did not make a business of our fun. We are so accustomed to concentration in every phase of life that we are apt to take our very rest in a sort of tabloid form. We work as desperately to rest as we work to make money or to write historical novels. We allow ourselves so many days in which to prepare for a new year's labor, and we cannot afford to waste a moment.

The philosophy of a vacation is very simple: You let one set of nerves rest and make another set work. Nature, if not too much abused, can be trusted to effect the new creation.

This general principle should teach us caution in prescribing places and seasons and methods of recreation to our friends. We have not all wearied the same set of nerves. The teacher will find recreation in turning a student. To keep on teaching might mean collapse. The business man or the professional man whose daily life is one of intense nervous strain, can very well turn aborigine — go camping out in woods, not in some great caravansary where he will dress for dinner, but away from conventionalities and conventionalized men, where he can literally touch mother earth and revive again that primitive humanity that is his largest asset. There is no tonic for the tired city man like the smoke of a camp-fire! And how one learns the relative value of things as he shoulders his pack at a portage!

And then there is the problem of city-bred children. What are your plans for yours? Send them to some great hotel where they will play and play and only play from morning till, or rather into, the night? You will some day regret it. Most men who are really accomplishing anything in life learned the meaning of work before they were out of their teens. And yet they seem to think their children will grow into serious maturity through going to school in the winter and playing golf and paddling canoes and talking nonsense on hotel piazzas in the summer. The vacation season is the time to teach boys and girls who play the rest of the year how to work in the woods or on the farm. There is virtue in chores.

But there is quite another sort of vacation for another sort of people. Scattered all over the country are men and women whose ordinary lives are isolated. Many of them live on farms; others live in little towns that are all but untouched by the great currents of culture. Their dangers are precisely the opposite of the man who lives in the city. The pettiness born of such isolation, its unrelieved, nerve-wrecking monotony, its lack of widening sympathies, its almost inevitable gravitation towards crass materialism and narrow prejudices — these are the common things of life from which such men and women need change. We will not say their vacation should always be different from that of the people of our municipal maelstroms, but it certainly should serve to counteract the ordinary forces working upon them.

If the man of the metropolis needs to return to the simple life, the man of the country needs to share in the complicated life. For him the summer school, the Chautauqua assembly, a visit to some great city, are agencies of genuine recreation.

Few people realize how widespread this sort of vacation is growing. Thanks to hundreds of summer assemblies, thousands and tens of thousands of men and women in the middle West will in the autumn take up life on the farm or village with widened intellectual horizons, as well as rested bodies. They will have seen and heard some of the most prominent men of the time. For a few days, or a few weeks, they will have shared in the larger life of literature and science and politics and religion.

To gossip with a new set of acquaintances, to struggle for more social recognition, to further the matrimonial prospects of oneself or one's children — this is a travesty of recreation. But to live during the weeks of changed surroundings so that it will be possible for one to take up again accustomed tasks with new enthusiasm, to feel again that reserve of strength which warrants still another effort, and to experience again, in moments of recollection, the joy of the larger life with nature, or with some inspiring thought or impulse — that is to give oneself a vacation that in truth does re-create the better self.

The Renewal a Strain

Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings, morning and noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

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THE CONFERENCES

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Dover District

Hedding Camp-meeting.—Everybody smiled at Hedding, N. H., during camp-meeting week. There were stormy days and cloudy days, as well as days when the sun shone, but it was bright all the time, for one of the most successful camp-meetings of recent years was in progress. The attendance was large, the program was varied and up-to-date, and the preaching was excellent. No wonder that on every hand words of praise were heard for the energetic and progressive presiding elder who had laid the plans and was then engineering them through to a most happy culmination. Dr. J. M. Durrell received, as he deserved, the hearty thanks of all who are interested in the Hedding camp-meeting and were fortunate enough to attend this year. The success of the enterprise is in a large measure due to his efforts.

While the camp-meeting proper did not begin until Monday, August 24, on the Sunday preceding a foretaste of what was provided for the week was given when the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Dover District held their annual rally. In the morning Miss Shibata, of Japan, spoke, while in the evening the speaker was Mrs. F. B. Clark, the national organizer of the W. H. M. S. Both of these services were replete with interest, and served to awaken anew the missionary spirit in all who attended. At 8 o'clock in the afternoon the presiding elder arranged for a unique service in the auditorium in which a number of ministers took part. One of the profitable as well as novel features was a sermon in three parts, each part preached by a different man. The preachers were Revs. M. T. Cilley, A. M. Shattuck, John T. Hooper.

Camp-meeting was opened at 10 o'clock Monday morning, when Rev. Claudius Byrne, of Raymond, preached a stirring sermon on "God's Love," and from that hour until its close Friday evening God's people were busy in the service of the Lord. Each day at 8 o'clock there was held a "morning watch." This was in charge of Rev. H. D. Deetz, of Grace Church, Haverhill. At the first service the sacrament of holy communion was administered, and a short talk given upon "Man's Dependence upon Christ." The second day the theme of the talk was, "Privilege and Duty." Thursday morning Rev. S. O. Benton, D. D., of New York, led the service, and Friday morning the watch was in charge of Rev. Wm. Warren, of Tilton. The clergymen announced as preachers for each morning and afternoon were an earnest of profitable services; and there was no disappointment of the expectation. It was a series of strong, earnest Gospel preaching that went to the heart and looked for results. The program was carried out as announced except in two instances—Rev. F. C. Rogers not being able to be present on account of illness in his family, and Miss Josephine Fisk also being detained. The preachers and their themes were as follows: Rev. Claudius Byrne, of Raymond, "God's Love," John 3:16; James G. Cairns, St. Mark's, Lawrence, "Exercise Unto Godliness," 1 Tim. 4:7; B. P. Wilkins, of Greenland, "Rest," Matt. 11:28; Edgar Blake, St. Paul's, Manchester, "The Humanity and Divinity of Christ Answering the Deepest Needs of Man," Luke 8:22-25; John T. Hooper, Third Church, Haverhill, "The Power of the Cross," 1 Cor. 1:23; John D. Pickles, Ph. D., Boston, "The Validity of the Gospel the Basis and Ground of Character Building," 2 Tim. 2:19; S. F. Upham, D. D., Drew Theological Seminary, "Enduring Work Grounded in Faith," Mark 14:8,9; S. O. Benton, D. D., recording secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "Power through the Holy Spirit," Acts 1:8; W. F. Ineson, Methuen, Mass., "Character Building," James 1:12; E. C. Bridgman, People's Church, Bradford, "Life through Christ," Phil. 1:21.

A very helpful feature of the camp-meeting season was a "people's conference," held each afternoon at 1 o'clock, when practical questions were discussed by different speakers in care-

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fully-prepared papers, after which the presiding elder conducted a question-box. The general subject under consideration was entire sanctification, and papers were presented as follows: "The Practical Side of Entire Sanctification," M. T. Cilley, of Kingston; "The Practical Relation of Entire Sanctification to Growth in Grace," W. H. Hutchins, Somersworth; "The Practical Relation of Entire Sanctification to our Daily Avocations," W. T. Boultenhouse, Exeter; "The Practical Relation of Entire Sanctification to Christian Stewardship," Wm. Woods, St. Paul's, Lawrence; "The Practical Relation of Entire Sanctification to Moral Reform," G. W. Farmer, First Church, Haverhill.

While the people's conferences were in progress children's meetings were held. These were in charge of Mrs. W. T. Boultenhouse, of Exeter, and Mrs. B. P. Wilkins, of Greenland. The attendance was large and the results most gratifying. A number of the little ones, under the teachings of these two leaders, gave themselves to the Master in the simplicity of their faith.

Another innovation that marked camp-meeting this year was the camp-fire feature. This was intended to take the place of the old tent meeting held in former years at the close of the evening preaching service. The camp-fire, on the other hand, was held before the regular service. At 8 o'clock the spiritual blaze was lighted, and by the time the bell rang for the evangelistic meeting at 7:30, the fervor was high and hearts were ready for service.

No services were more enjoyed than those held at 7:30 each night in Chautauqua Hall. The old hall was always well filled, both with the people who were on the grounds and those who had driven in from around. The change of hour showed wisdom especially in this latter particular, permitting, as it did, the farmers to attend these services. Hot, spiritual, heart-searching sermons were the order of the day, and they were rewarded with visible as well as hidden results. The preachers and their themes were as follows: A. B. Rowell, East Rochester, "The Deceitfulness of Sin," Heb. 3:11-12; W. S. Frye, South Tamworth, "Neglect and Its Consequences," Heb. 2:8; Miss Ellen Hibbard, of the New England Deaconess Home, Boston, "The Parable of the Builders;" W. P. Odell, D. D., Calvary Church, New York, "Sifted by Satan," Luke 22:31-32; R. H. Huse, Sanbornville, "Backsliding," Hosea 4:14.

The music was in charge of Rev. L. R. Danforth, of Rochester, and was of an inspiring nature. He was ably assisted by Miss Gertrude Ricker, of Rochester, as pianist, and by Mr. Lewis F. Smith, of Boston, a Gospel soloist.

The annual meeting of the Hedding Camp-meeting Association was of a most harmonious nature. Rev. J. W. Adams, of Methuen, and Mr. A. M. Stickney, of Medford, Mass., were re-elected trustees to succeed themselves. The other officers elected were: secretary, Rev.

E. S. Tasker, Dover; treasurer, Mr. S. W. Lane, Amesbury, Mass.; auditor, Mr. E. S. Riley, Lawrence, Mass.; nominating committee, Mr. John Barker, and Mr. E. S. Riley, Lawrence, and Rev. H. D. Deetz, Haverhill. At the annual meeting of the district stewards words of high appreciation of the labors of the new presiding elder were spoken. It was also voted to raise his salary to the sum of \$1,500. The apportioning committee is to report at the next preachers' meeting, when the adjourned meeting of the stewards is to be held. Rev. C. W. Taylor, of Newmarket, conducted the closing love-feast Saturday morning, after which the circle of friendship was formed and an address was delivered by the presiding elder.

E. C. E. DORION.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Albans District

Bible School and Camp-meeting.—Rev. C. S. Nutter, D. D., presiding elder of the district, ventured to introduce something new into northwestern Vermont. Believing in the great need for more study of the Word of God, he planned a Bible school for the week before camp-meeting on the grounds at Sheldon. He prepared a very excellent program, and, calling to his assistance a corps of willing workers, it was carried out with remarkable completeness. It was so helpful and thoroughly enjoyed that it was unanimously voted to continue it another season, and Presiding Elder Nutter, Rev. G. W. Hunt, and Dr. Hyde, of Bakersfield, were made a committee on program. Those whom Dr. Nutter called to aid him were Revs. G. W. Hunt, G. L. Story, F. T. Clark, Jacob Finger, and D. L. Evans, pastors on the district; also from other fields, Rev. O. S. Bakelite, Rev. E. M. Fuller, Rev. F. M. Morrill, and Miss Frances B. Adams, evangelist. Rev. A. W. Ford had charge of the singing during both meetings.

The camp-meeting opened Aug. 24, the week following the Bible School, and many occupied cottages or tents for the two weeks. The influence of the first meeting was felt for good during the second week. The number wishing accommodation at the boarding-house was so much larger than usual that steps were taken to greatly increase its capacity. With the purchase of the grounds and the many improvements contemplated, an era of prosperity is confidently expected. The attendance was not large except on Sunday, the weather being cool and unsettled, while many of the farmers were still busy gathering in their crops. The general impression left by the meeting was better than for many years past. There were several professed conversions, while many Christians were confessedly moved to live more faithful lives. Sermons were preached by the following brethren, in the order given: Revs. A. H. Baker, R. J. Chrystie, E. O. Thayer (2), F. M. Barnes,

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Jacob Finger, W. S. Smithers, G. F. Arms, O. M. Boutwell, D. L. Evans, M. B. Parounagian, G. H. Spencer, G. W. Hunt and J. A. Dixon. Miss Frances B. Adams also preached twice and led a young people's meeting each day. Revs. O. B. Wells, A. C. Dennett, O. E. Newton, P. A. Smith and C. D. Pierce led the morning prayer-meetings. Dr. Nutter had charge of the love-feast on Sunday morning.

Tuesday afternoon was devoted to temperance. Mrs. Ida M. Read, State president of the W. C. T. U., presiding. Rev. Cyrus Perry, pastor of the Baptist Church, Bristol, gave the address. Thursday afternoon the service was in charge of the W. F. M. S., Mrs. C. S. Nutter presiding. It was unusual in the many nationalities represented and taking part in the service. Rev. M. B. Parounagian represented Armenia; Rev. Jacob Finger represented the Jews; Rev. J. S. Valensuela and Rev. and Mrs. Arms and daughter stood for South America; Miss Suzy Shibata, Japan; and Rev. A. H. Baker, India. Miss Shibata and Mrs. Arms made the addresses. Friday afternoon was given to the W. H. M. S., Mrs. Linna Andrews, of Enosburg Falls, in charge. Mrs. F. B. Clark, of Portland, Me., was the speaker. Very generous collections were taken for each society. Rev. S. B. Currier and wife, of Tarpon Springs, Fla., were heartily welcomed by their many friends; also Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Arms, after fifteen years given to missionary work in Chile. The success of the meeting was largely due to the untiring zeal of Presiding Elder Nutter, the pastors doing cheerfully what they could to second his efforts.

RUBLIW.

Montpelier District

Wardsboro. — The new barn, planned last year, has been erected, and is a very serviceable structure. Rev. G. W. Campbell has organized an Epworth League and a Junior League. There have been some conversions on this charge this year.

Williamsville. — The parsonage was made ready for the family of the newly-appointed pastor at a cost of over \$75. Nearly all of this amount has been paid.

South Londonderry. — The roof of this church has been newly slated at a cost of upwards of \$170, and the funds for the same are all raised. Some other minor improvements have been made, and the Epworth League has provided itself with new song-books. During the spring Rev. M. H. Smith found time to teach school in addition to all the other duties devolving on a Methodist preacher.

Weston. — This charge will celebrate the centennial of Methodism with appropriate exercises in November of this year. The pastor is busy getting the forces in line for this event.

South Royalton and South Tunbridge. — This is a rural community, and the majority of the people living near the church at South Tunbridge seem to have all too small interest in maintaining our services. A few faithful ones are found who desire to keep the work going. During the year Rev. W. H. White organized a bee and made some much needed repairs upon the church. At South Royalton the same pastor reports his missionary offering pledged. It will be remembered that a handsome increase was made here last year. This year they have increased 10 per cent. over last, demonstrating that at least one new comer in class one will remain in that class another year.

Randolph Centre. — A friend of our church who spends his summers here has donated fifty new hymnals for our church. The stewards have shingled the barn, thus putting all our buildings here under good cover. Rev. L. N. Moody recently received four persons from probation. This makes all but two received into the church from the large number received on probation a year ago. One of the number has moved from town. This speaks well for the work of the pastor.

Rochester. — This charge will celebrate the centennial of Methodism in this town by appropriate exercises about the middle of September — 18-18 inclusive. The pastor, Rev. I. S. Yerks, has been long at work on the program, and proposes to make it a grand success.

Northfield and Gouldsville. — Rev. E. W. Sharp is back from his vacation, and the people report that they are glad to have our church open once more. Mrs. Sharp spent some time in the hospital while away.

Pittsfield. — This church is in the midst of ex-

tensive repairs. Money has already been pledged for excavating in the basement and for the furnace and for memorial windows and a building at the side and rear for social and Ladies' Aid meetings. It is also hoped to secure new pulpit furniture and possibly remodel the inside of the audience-room. All these repairs and improvements are much needed, and the people are to be commended for undertaking them. The entire expense of the repairs and improvements will be not far from \$1,200.

Preachers' Meeting. — The spring meeting of the preachers was held at our church in Randolph. An interesting and profitable program was presented, and those who were present expressed themselves as having enjoyed an unusually interesting and profitable meeting. For various reasons a goodly number of the preachers were absent. The time and place of the fall meeting was left with the committee. Your scribe is informed that the place will be Weston, and the time Nov. 9 and 10. This is in connection with the centennial exercises there, and all our preachers are urged to make a special effort to be present.

Wedding Bells. — Rev. F. L. Metcalf, of Putney, took a two weeks' vacation, and, on Aug. 6, was married in New York. The people of Putney made it very pleasant for the couple on their return.

August 25, Rev. E. E. Wells, of Wilmington, went north to his boyhood home, South Woodbury, and was united in marriage with Miss J. Glee Lilley. The people of this charge have been painting the parsonage and otherwise getting ready for the bride, and incidentally painting the church.

These cases fulfil a former prediction of the writer: "Dame Rumor says there are others contemplating doing likewise." Look out for still others!

Camp-meeting. — The annual encampment opened Aug. 17 and closed the following Sunday. The grounds were made ready, and the new tabernacle was completed and met the approval of all. The electric railroad kindly volunteered to furnish lights for the grounds, and did their best to keep their agreement, but the lights were hardly a success. The music was in charge of Rev. I. S. Yerks, of Rochester, and Mr. Putnam, of Claremont, had the children's meetings. Several changes from the printed program were necessary. The attendance was good — reported better than for several years. At the annual meeting for business it was brought out that the electric road was desirous of securing the grounds for a pleasure resort if we are ready to sell. Rev. C. C. Garland, of Claremont, was elected to secure sustaining members, having the privilege of voting by the payment of \$1 or more. He needs \$700 more to clear up our debt, mainly incurred by building the new tabernacle. The old committee on summer school was continued, with the names of Rev. F. W. Lewis, of Brattleboro, and Rev. J. E. Robins, of Keene, added. In some respects the outlook for the meetings is better than formerly.

In the middle of the meetings the writer was called home on account of the serious sickness of his little girl, and was not able to return. Thus an added burden was put on Rev. E. Hitchcock in looking after the meetings. All reports go to show that he was fully equal to the emergency — even to preaching on Sunday afternoon.

Montpelier Seminary. — School opened Sept. 1. There are several changes in the faculty. Miss

Isham — at the head of the shorthand department from its organization — resigned in the summer "to accept a better position." Very recently cards were received announcing her marriage to Cassius Austin, of Georgia, a former pupil in the school. Rev. W. R. Davenport severs his connection with the institution with the opening of the school. He continues his work as Eastern manager of a correspondence school with which he has been engaged during the past year. He is succeeded in the local management by Frank M. Howe, acting principal. Mr. Howe taught with great satisfaction during the last two years in the school, and ought to succeed in his new position.

Barnard. — On the 9th day of August Charles George Cox passed to his reward at the ripe age of 78 years. Mr. Cox was born on the old Cox place in Barnard, and has lived there all his life with the exception of a few years. He was a very reserved man, seldom expressing his sentiments in public, but recognized by all his townspeople as being a devoted Christian. For many years he was a steward of our church and his advice concerning the work was always sound. Mr. Cox came of good Methodist stock. His father and grandfather were members of our church in Barre. When the first Annual Conference was held in Barnard it was at the Cox place, showing the prominence of the family in the church. Many now living can remember hearing George Cox exhort after the sermon and know of his zeal in spreading Methodism. Mr. Charles Cox had one brother and two sisters. Of these only one — the wife of Dr. C. W. Brigham, of Pittsfield — survives him. He leaves a widow and an adopted daughter, Mrs. M. A. Chandler. Thus another family name long identified with our work goes out.

W. M. N.

St. Johnsbury District

Newport has not yet completed the repairs on the interior of the church, and services are still held in the Court House. Congregations are reported good, and general interests are well sustained. The pastor, Rev. W. C. Newell, has spent some time rustication on his Woodstock farm, but is now back at his work. The school opening brings most of our pastors to their homes, that the children may enter promptly upon the year's work. Newport is coming to be quite a local summer resort, many from the larger towns of the vicinity finding its lake and forests increasingly attractive. Many cottages for summer use now dot all shores of the charming Memphremagog.

Island Pond is again on the hopeful list. The large shirt factory which was burned in June, and upon which so much of the business of the town depended, is being rapidly rebuilt, and will be in operation again in a few weeks. Changes about the railroad station, with a new viaduct from the north to the south side of the town, will call in extra labor and give a general impetus to all local activities. Our church has no purpose to fall behind in the common advance. Rev. William Shaw, the pastor, was on hand from first to last in the camp meeting, always ready and helpful. His little daughter sustained a painful injury during the meeting, accidentally falling from the hammock and striking on her shoulder in such a way as to split the not yet firmly joined bones of the humerus. She was obliged to wear the disabled arm in a sling, but was very cheerful and brave, playing about most of the time as if nothing had happened. Several of the Island Pond peo-



ple were at the meeting as they have not been in some previous years.

Lyndon. — The pastor at Lyndon and Lyndonville, Rev. W. R. Mather, is off for a somewhat extended trip. His family has left for Ohio, whither he will soon follow them, and after a few weeks will return East and sail for England and Scotland to be absent two months. The work will be in the hands of a supply during the fall months.

Newbury looks with solicitude for the recovery of her pastor, Rev. D. C. Thatcher. He has been for some weeks at Ocean Park, Me., and writes of remarkable advance in comfort and strength. In fact, he says that in a few days after reaching the coast he was so much improved as to be ashamed of continued convalescence, and was longing to be at his work. His most intimate friends on the charge, however, speak with much concern about his being able to take up the work at least for several months.

Irasburg. — This church has been supplied for several weeks by Dr. M. V. B. Knox, whose services are highly appreciated. He also gave most efficient aid at camp meeting, preaching particularly to Veterans, Wednesday afternoon, on the theme: "God hath not Dealt so with any People" — a masterly presentation of America's superior facilities and resources. Rev. J. E. Knapp is now making more rapid advance in restoration, and hopes soon to resume his work, in part at least. He is about town in a wheel chair and is learning to walk on crutches. He hopes to secure an artificial leg which may set him up with only a cane for support.

Sheffield is having extra services, with Misses Avery and Bryant as evangelists. The work was suspended at the charge during camp-meeting, but the two are so near together that many of the people were in as warm an atmosphere as if they had continued at the church. Several have entered the way of life, and others have the great matter already at heart. The plan for a new parsonage at this point will hardly materialize this autumn. The people are not yet ready, and contractors are not eager for the job, as all their men are fully employed. ■■■

Craftsbury is again settled in the work, the pastor, Rev. R. J. Chrystie, and family having returned from a brief vacation. This charge is peculiar in that no other church is located in the central village, which is of considerable size and thrift. The question is, whether competition might not favor us.

Lunenburg is prospering under the new pastor, and solid gain seems sure. Rev. C. W. Kelley, with his mother, will soon spend some days, possibly weeks, in New York. His work will then be cared for by his associate pastor in the Congregational Church, Rev. Mr. Bowby, for whom Mr. Kelley is now doing a like favor. This course of mutual courtesies is not without significance in the way of closer bonds uniting the militant forces.

Guildhall is keeping up congregations rather above the average, and this should naturally be the case, as no other denomination is now having services in the town. The schoolhouse appointment on the "hill" is making an unusually good record this season. A Sabbath-school averages twenty or more. The services of the supply pastor, Rev. F. W. Buck, are commended by those who see and hear him. On the evening of the 30th ult. the elder was greeted by a good congregation of attentive listeners, and was provided for in the most thoughtful manner by the pastor, whose family were away for a brief vacation.

District in General. — The general aspect of the work on the district is promising. Nearly all pastors are scheming for special meetings and inquiring for helpers — evangelists, deaconesses, and singers. The spiritual tone of our camp-meeting was the sanest and strongest that we have had for many years. The preaching was of a better grade than usual, and no day passed without some unusually clear and

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strong presentation of the truth. Comparisons would hardly be fitting, and special commendations, where all did so well, would be out of taste. Enough to say that any elder in Methodism might be proud of his pastors when all rendered such cheerful and vigorous service. One might visit a wide range of such meetings without finding another more harmonious, earnest and truly evangelistic. The Young People's day, with Rev. J. M. Frost as leader, was altogether a success, though the weather was hardly favorable. All other days were fine. The W. C. T. U. meeting following was up to the usual high grade of all such work in Vermont. Mrs. Read never has a mediocre program. Sunday was reported as a great day, with Mrs. Barney as the leading speaker, day and evening.

The advancing autumn brings its rebuke for all the fears and misgivings caused by the great drouth of spring and early summer. The hay, not yet all secured, is abundant; oats and potatoes are the best in many years; in many sections there is as heavy corn as ever seen, perhaps, and other crops are large. Even apples, of which the writer had altogether despaired, are in some places abundant, the trees fairly breaking under their burden, though one may drive along our streams from White River to Canada and hardly see apples enough to fill a barrel. On the higher lands, however, there are some fine orchards of fruit. The forests are already putting on their autumn glory, and in some sections the highways are now carpeted with the fallen leaves of a quick-spent year. J. O. S.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Bowery Beach. — This was originally called "Cape Elizabeth." The extent of farming carried on here was a revelation to us. We saw cabbage fields which would give a Dutchman visions of "sauerkraut" for ages to come. Mr. J. W. Maxwell, who entertained us during our visit there, had just finished marketing four hundred barrels of green peas and had a bushel's planting still unpicked. Last year he raised 417 barrels of peas and over 70 tons of squashes, and more tons of cabbages. The soil seems to be wonderfully adapted to the production of these three crops. The church edifice stands upon a hill, as in "ye oiden time," overlooking a vast country and a great sweep of the ocean. The old house, like a headland in the sea, has stood out against many a wintry storm until it shows the effects of these repeated assaults. A friend of the cause, but not a member of the church, has volunteered to raise the needed money and repair and paint the outside of the building, to give it an air of respectability on the exterior. We hope this may lead some one to interest himself in the improvement of the interior. This beautiful cape, so near the Queen City, must surely have a future, for it is one of

the most lovely spots for summer homes on the coast. Rev. R. S. Leard is supplying this church for the second year. While he lives in Portland for the sake of the school privileges for his children, he is looking after the spiritual interests of the people and doing faithful pastoral work as well as preaching on the Sabbath.

West Kennebunk. — Rev. Elihu Snow was transferred from the New Hampshire Conference last spring and stationed at this place, having supplied this appointment nearly eight months previous to his transfer. The people have shown their appreciation of their pastor by advancing his salary and making it nearly double the amount ever paid any other preacher, while nearly the whole community attend divine service. All church bills are paid up to date. The church edifice is being repaired. The pastor was recently voted a vacation for two Sabbaths, or more if he desired.

Kennebunkport and Cape Porpoise. — Rev. L. A. Bean is serving his fourth year with this people. The revival of last spring has greatly increased the attendance at class and prayer-meeting at Kennebunkport. At the Cape a course of summer entertainments, including lectures, readings and a concert, has netted the society about \$75 toward the church debt. The summer visitors largely attend our church here and speak very kindly of the pastor's "helpful sermons."

York. — The new pastor, Rev. J. H. Bounds touches a responsive chord in the hearts of his people. Excellent congregations attend the preaching services both morning and evening. Mrs. Bounds, so gifted in song, adds much to the interest of these occasions. An increase of \$100 in the pastor's salary is a testimonial of appreciation on the part of the people.

Kittery, First Church. — Rev. C. L. Page, a member of the Iowa Conference, but a student in Boston University Theological School, is supplying this charge for the second year. The people speak of him as an excellent preacher. This church suffers from deaths and removals. Mr. J. M. Brooks, one of the leading members, has settled at South Eliot on the old home place much to the regret of the Kittery Church.

Berwick. — This charge stood first in class first on Portland District in its contribution for missions last year, having averaged one dollar per member. Rev. F. R. Griffiths and family were tendered a cordial reception, as the Berwick church knows so well how to do. Only good things are spoken of the new pastor and wife. Over 300 calls have been made during the first quarter. An average of 40 have attended the Junior League under the direction of Mrs. Griffiths. Recently 6 have been received by certificate, 2 on probation, and 4 have been converted. One hundred copies of "Songs of the Century" have been placed in the church treasury. The church edifice is to be painted at once.

Saco. — The pastor, Rev. D. F. Faulkner, finds many things to encourage him in his church



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work. His people believe in sustaining the old-fashioned class-meeting, and the members did a handsome thing recently in presenting Mr. S. C. Gilpatrick, who has been class-leader for seventeen years, with a fine gold watch as a token of their love and esteem. The increase of interest in the Sunday-school and social meetings is among the things which bring good cheer to pastor and people.

Personal.—We have just completed our first round of visits on the district. As we did not make the appointments, we were received most cordially by the pastors and congregations. We have preached fifty times during the quarter and have given two temperance addresses, and officiated at the wedding of a niece. We are now open to make engagements for evangelistic work for the next four months, where we are most needed; but our time is already mortgaged up to Oct. 25. Now brethren, let us push the battle early and expect victory at every point. When the spiritual tides in our churches run high, all the benevolent apportionments can easily be floated.

B. C. W.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Rockland District

China.—On the evening of Aug. 31 the members and friends of the church at China, Me., celebrated the silver wedding anniversary of their pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Towle. The reception was held in G. A. R. hall, which was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, potted plants and evergreen. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, about 125 friends and relatives were present. An original poem written for the occasion was read by Mrs. Jepson, after which a wedding march was played by Miss Fisk, and the bridal couple marched in and took their place under an arch of evergreen. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. J. Harding, pastor of the Baptist church of the place. This was followed by a vocal solo by Miss Flak, a reading by Miss Woodson, and remarks by Mr. Harding. Mr. Towle and his wife received from their parishioners and friends twenty-five silver dollars, symbolical of their twenty-five years of wedded life, besides \$37 in currency, a silver card-plate, silver berry spoon, silver cream pitcher, a half-dozen silver spoons, and a beautiful cake plate and berry dish. The presentation was made by Mr. N. A. Goodwin. Light refreshments were served.

G.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Truro.—Mr. Barnabas Paine, aged 80 years, a prince in Israel, and one of the oldest members of Truro Church, breathed his last at his carpenter's bench, Aug. 10. Twelve young people recently joined the church on probation. Mr. Isaiah Snow has been re-elected as Sunday-school superintendent for the fifteenth year. Rev. O. H. Green is pastor.

Cotuit.—This is the busy season with this society. Congregations are enlarged by summer visitors, so that it is necessary to throw open the Sunday-school room to increase the seating capacity. During July the pastor, Rev. G. G. Scrivener, preached a series of sermons on "Christian Character." On Aug. 2 the pulpit was occupied by Rev. C. H. Taylor, of East Greenwich, and on Aug. 23 by Prof. James H. Ropes, of Andover. The Junior League held a very successful picnic in July, and the church arranged a gala day, with sports and a clambake, Aug. 25, which as a social event will be remembered with much pleasure, and bids fair to become an annual occurrence. Finances are in a good condition. The Ladies' Aid Society netted about \$150 at their summer fair. A new 800-lb. Blymer bell has been placed in the tower of the church, which completes the equipment of the building erected two years ago. That the spiritual interest is well main-

tained is shown by the attendance at the weekly prayer-meeting, when the seating capacity of the Sunday-school room is frequently taxed to its utmost.

MELIOR.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Springfield District

Laurel Park Camp-meeting.—Preparatory services were held on Sunday, Aug. 23, at which Evangelist James Tregaskis, of the New England Southern Conference, preached. The camp-meeting proper began on Monday evening. Presiding Elder Richardson opened the meeting with a few words, indicating his plan and desire for the meeting, and with an earnest prayer for God's blessing upon the assembly. The early morning prayer-meeting was conducted by laymen. At 9 o'clock Mr. Tregaskis conducted the Epworth League meeting for the deepening of the spiritual life. At 10:30 each day some fundamental truth, previously assigned, was discussed by one of the brethren of the district. The afternoon speakers were at liberty to announce their own themes, while the evening hour was given to Evangelist Tregaskis. Mrs. Annie E. Smiley conducted the children's meeting at 1 o'clock, being assisted by Mrs. McCandless, of Easthampton, Junior League president of the district, Rev. John A. Bowler, and others. Cottage-meetings were held in the various chapels at 8 and 6 o'clock daily; and a holiness meeting at the Gill chapel in charge of Mr. Noah G. Payrow, of Springfield, followed the evening service at the stand; indeed, all the services at the Gill house were for the promotion of holiness.

The speakers, their texts and themes were as follows: Tuesday, Revs. W. A. Wood, John 14:8, "God"; Ora S. Gray, John 1:42, "The Making of an Apostle"; James Tregaskis, 2 Kings 4, "The Narrative of the Shunammite Woman." Wednesday, Charles F. Rice, John 1:17, "Christ Jesus"; C. O. Ford, Matt. 6:13, "Deliverance from Temptation"; James Tregaskis, Num. 23:10, "The Death of the Righteous." Thursday, W. M. Crawford and Albert Seal, a symposium on "The Holy Spirit"; W. R. Newhall, Prov. 28:7, Phil. 2:5, "The Influence of Thought upon Character"; Evangelist Tregaskis, Matt. 11:28, "The Remedy for the World's Unrest." Friday, J. W. Stephan, James 1:15, "Sin"; E. M. Taylor, an address on Missions; and in the evening a sermon by Dr. Taylor, from John 11:28, "The Realization of Christian Truth through Human Personality." Saturday, E. M. Antrim, 1 Cor. 6:2, "Salvation"; J. P. Kennedy, Mark 12:30, "Sanctification and True Holiness"; Evangelist Tregaskis, Heb. 7:25, "The Supreme Ability of Christ." At the same hour L. E. Taylor preached in Gill Chapel to an overflow meeting. Sunday, C. E. Davis, Gen. 18:12, "The Historical Effects of Lot's Choice"; S. F. Upham, Acts 26:24-25, "Christian Enthusiasm"; in the evening a general farewell service, conducted by the presiding elder.

The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies held a joint meeting on Friday afternoon, with Mrs. M. S. Merrill, president of the Springfield District Foreign Missionary Society,

in the chair, while Mrs. A. W. Baird, president of the District Home Missionary Society, offered prayer. Dr. Taylor's address was a masterly survey of the progress of missions from the time of St. Paul down to the present hour, while his sermon in the evening was one of great power and beauty. Rev. Charles E. Davis swept everything before him on Sunday morning. Many said they never realized the withering and damning effects of sin as they did while listening to his sermon. Dr. Upham was very much at home on the platform of Laurel Park, and was listened to with close attention. Evangelist Tregaskis was effective and tasteful in his work. His sermons were good. Presiding Elder Richardson won his way to all hearts by his dignified and tactful direction of the meeting, and by the genuine interest he manifested in the spiritual life of the district, particularly that of the young people. Every preacher came with a message from God, and he delivered it in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. There were daily conversions, and many believers came into the experience of perfect love. At the meetings conducted by Rev. L. E. Taylor at Normal Hall on Sunday there were fifteen persons seeking this experience. Holiness seemed to be the keynote of the meeting. The weather was cold and rainy during most of the week, but the meeting was well attended, and the results were very satisfactory. To the laymen of the district as well as to the preachers belongs the credit, but to God be all the glory.

A new canopy will be provided next year, and other needed improvements are contemplated by the trustees.

Trinity, Springfield.—On Aug. 20 the pastor, Rev. E. M. Antrim, proposed to his church a month of self-denial with the hope of raising \$1,000 toward the deficiency created in the Preachers' Aid fund by its former treasurer. Individual members of the church have already pledged \$225 for this purpose, and self-denial envelopes were distributed to the congregation and the Sunday-school, to be collected Sept. 27. Trinity will certainly do her part, and it is hoped that other churches will follow her example.

F. M. E.

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Winona Sunday-school Conference

REV. THOMAS B. NEELY, D. D.

In two recent numbers of ZION'S HERALD are two articles, one an editorial and the other a clipping, containing references to the recent Winona Sunday-school Conference. The clipping gives my name, and reveals the reference in the editorial, and, therefore, I may be permitted to say some things which otherwise I would prefer to leave unsaid, but which I should say because of their bearing on the work committed to my care.

As to the use of familiar parliamentary devices there is a clear misunderstanding, for at the Winona Conference no votes were taken, and consequently there was no opportunity for parliamentary tactics. At the very opening of the Winona meeting the executive committee decided against any voting.

That there was "an unmannerly assault on the chairman of the Association for allowing the [lesson] question to be raised," is not correct. In all my experience as a debater I have never been impolite to an opponent, and have never brought a personality into a discussion. Hundreds can testify to that. The intimation or assertion that I did so at Winona is unjust and untrue. I spoke rapidly and earnestly, but there was no personal bitterness or lack of politeness. It is quite likely there will be some intensity when the speaker is limited to five minutes, and has to squeeze into that time the points of a half-hour's address. That will probably key up any one who has anything to say and speaks at the rate of about two hundred words a minute. There was no personal attack, but there was a presentation of facts which could not be successfully disputed.

That ZION'S HERALD and its clipping from the *Watchman* show an erroneous conception of the facts, is manifest by a letter written me by the head of the Sunday-school work in another large denomination. Leaving out some of the most complimentary references, I quote the following: "On my return from the Conference of Sabbath-school workers at Winona, Indiana, I beg the privilege of expressing to you my appreciation of your noble stand... in behalf of what I regard as the true course to be pursued in relation to the International Uniform System of Lessons, and especially your Christian, manful resistance of the kind of tactics which have been adopted... Among the many achievements of your life in behalf of truth and of wise Christian policy, my dear Dr. Neely, you will find among the very first the service you have rendered to the Sabbath-schools of this country of all denominations, as well as of the great Methodist Episcopal Church, in resisting a vacillating, compromising course." One would not infer from this unasked letter that there was anything but that which was manly and Christian.

Now, what was it all about? On the preliminary announcement for this meeting, Mr. Hartshorn printed an "Important Letter from Publishers of International Lesson Helps," and "The Religious Education Association." To the discussion of these topics objections were promptly entered by leading workers, but the gentleman who got up the list persisted and printed them on the permanent program. This was disapproved by quite a number, and for various reasons.

It is plain that the executive committee did not desire these topics. The editor of the *Sunday School Evangel*, who is a member of the executive committee, says, in his paper: "We found the executive committeemen on the grounds practically unanimous in not approving of bringing the discussion of the new association or the related proposal of graded lessons into the open Sunday-school conference at Winona." Again that editor remarks: "In the case of two distinctively Christian bodies, except as such a thing might be forced upon one body, it would seem that the other should not be put under public discussion by the one without a formal invitation or request from the body to be discussed."

Without prearrangement with me, I was assigned to discuss the two topics to which objections had been made by myself and others. To each of these subjects a large number of speakers was assigned, nearly all of whom were supposed or known to represent the "other side." In both instances I was placed second, following a man supposed to be on the "other side." Then I was followed by a considerable number

who were to exploit that "other side." It was the entire field against one. On one of the subjects I requested that my name be brought later, but the chairman would not change the order, though I requested it more than once. If this had been purposely arranged it could not have been more shrewdly done, for I was hemmed in, and by the time the discussion ended it would not have been surprising if all I had said was forgotten and any impression I might have made was dissipated. Nevertheless the points I made were not forgotten and the impression I was enabled to make was not weakened. The editor of the *Evangel*, who mingled with the Sunday-school workers at Winona, says they were ten to one in favor of the views which I advocated. With all the advantage they had in picked and imported advocates, preponderance of time, and skillful arrangement of speakers, they utterly failed to make an impression. The presumption is that they did not have strong arguments or convincing facts. What we did was simply to enunciate a few self-evident or logical principles and to point out a few facts. At the first meeting the executive committee officially announced that its only function was to execute the decrees of the International Sunday-school Convention. This we repeated at the opening of a speech and the members assented to its accuracy. Then we claimed that, if that principle was true as to the committee, it was true also as to the chairman of the executive committee, and that it was his place to be loyal to the body which created him.

When Dr. Potts, of Canada, the chairman of the International Lesson Committee, was called on to speak to these questions, he recognized these principles and said that though he had strong convictions, his position as chairman of the Lesson Committee made it improper for him to take part. In other words, he obeyed the International Convention. This was construed as in contrast with the action of the other chairman, and its point penetrated.

The chairman of the committee had circulated printed documents aimed at me, and which many at the Conference regarded as personal attacks on me, and yet in my speech I said nothing about their presumed personal references. In these documents I was specially named, and things were specified as coming from me when it was known that they had been unanimously adopted by the body in which they had been presented and so became the acts of that body. Furthermore, these documents purported to be official bulletins, though it was evident that the purpose was to make sentiment for the other side. Nevertheless, in the discussion I said nothing about their personal allusions. Evidently I was not the one who was making a personal attack when I refrained from any reference to these personalities. Many considered and said an attack had been made on me. It may have been good strategy to pass by the body that adopted the propositions and to concentrate on an individual, but to have attacked the body itself would have been more courageous. Nevertheless, as I have said, in spite of this I made no allusion to the personal features of the documents.

As to the "letter," I showed that it was misleading. In the first place it did not originate with the signers, and, in the second place, the signers did not mean what had been inferred. The letter was carried around by Mr. Hartshorn and signatures were secured on the assurance that the letter did not commit the signers to any opinion, but that it was simply to create an occasion for, or to permit, discussion. Yet the letter was making the impression that the signers were anxious for a change in the lesson-system, while the contrary was the fact. Having written to nearly all the signers, each one who was written to responded that he was heartily in favor of the International Uniform Lesson System. There was no personal attack, but there was an analysis of the facts. That the force of hard facts and solid truth was recognized and felt is probable, but there was not the faintest personal characterization. If there had been anything like that, it is not likely that such a gathering would have given me the vigorous, general, and prolonged applause which it did. Somebody was defeated. Some scheme failed. Hence some other method must be tried. They failed to make an impression, and now they resort to other and less open tactics. Realizing their defeat at Winona, where they could not overturn a single argu-

ment, the resort now is to misrepresentation, and that notwithstanding the fact that there was a tacit agreement that all these matters were to be dropped until the next International Convention.

At this time I dare not take space enough to present my views on the lesson question. After all the improvements I have made, and the new things I have inaugurated and projected, my readers do not need to be told that I am in favor of progress. I am in favor of improvement, and have proposed improvements such as better grading, general parallel lessons, and a lengthening of the period for class study, and all these things have been unanimously adopted by the Sunday-school Editorial Association, some of whose members are identified with the Chicago University movement. Any one should see how absurd it is to think that millions of people are suddenly to drop a good thing and snap at something which has no existence, and on which the few interested persons do not agree. The true way is to develop what we have. The masters of pedagogy who have for years been lifting up the Sunday-schools are more likely to find out the way than theorists who have little or no knowledge of the average Sunday-school.

On application the Book Concern will send, free of charge, to any pastor or Sunday-school worker a new booklet on "Grades and Studies for the Sunday-school. How to Grade. What to Study." In it some of these questions are discussed.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

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Course tickets will be sold at the following prices: Courses 1 and 2, by Professors Mitchell and Smith together, \$5. Course 3, the class lessons by Professor Wood, \$2. Courses 4 and 5, by Professor Nash and Miss Cole together, \$2. Single tickets will be sold for any afternoon or evening lecture or reading, but not for the class lessons at 25 cents each.

All tickets can be secured by mail or in person from the secretary of the Twentieth Century Club, 14 Somerset St., Boston, on and after Monday, Sept. 14. They may also be found at the door before each lecture. There will be no reduction in the prices of the course tickets at any time during the progress of the lectures.

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"HIS COMRADE IN MY HEART"

SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

IN what better way may the young be taught to reverence the Creator and to love that which He has created, than by teaching them that they are one with all that He has made? It is a pity that we had not all been taught by old Nokomis. If, like little Hiawatha, we had

"Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er we met
them,"

we might perhaps be better able to enter into the spirit of the following sentiment, which, by the way, it is not too late to place before the young in our charge:

"The song-birds might all have brooded and hatched in the human heart. They are typical of its highest aspirations and nearly the whole gamut of human passion and emotion is expressed more or less fully in their varied songs."

Let us listen to what a few of our bird-lovers say of some of our sweet musicians:

"Among our own birds there is the song of the hermit-thrush for devoutness and religious serenity, that of the wood-thrush for the musing, melodious thoughts of twilight, the song-sparrows for simple faith and trust, the bob-o-links for hilarity and glee, the mourning doves for hopeless sorrow, the vireos for all-day and every-day contentment, and the nocturne of the mocking-bird for love. There are the plaintive singers, the soaring, ecstatic singers, the confident singers, the gushing and voluble singers, and the half-voiced inarticulate singers. The note of the pewee is a human sigh, and the chickadee has a voice full of unspeakable tenderness and fidelity. There is pride in the song of the tanager, and vanity in that of the cat-bird. There is something distinctly human about the robin; his is the note of boyhood.

"I have thoughts that follow the migratory fowls northward and southward, and that go with the sea-birds into the desert of the ocean as lonely and tireless as they. I sympathize with the watchful crow perched yonder on that tree, or walking about the field. I hurry out of doors when I hear the clarion of the wild gander; his comrade in my heart sends back the call."

The man who writes so sympathetically is the nature lover, John Burroughs, of whom some one has said: "What may not the voices of Nature say to such a man and be understood?" Of the bluebird, that "winged lute," he writes:

"When Nature made the bluebird she wished to propitiate both the sky and the earth, so she gave him the color of the one on his back and the hue of the other on his breast, and ordained that his appearance in spring should denote that the strife and war

between the two elements had ceased. He is the peace harbinger; in him the celestial and terrestrial strike hands and are fast friends. He means the furrow and he means the warmth; he means all the soft, wooing influences of spring on the one hand and the retreating footsteps of winter on the other."

"Never was sweeter music —
Sunshine turned into song,
To set us dreaming of summer,
When the days and the dreams are long.

"Winged lute that we call a bluebird,
You blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing waters,
The patter of spring's sweet rain,

"The voice of the wind, the sunshine,
And fragrance of blossoming things.
Ah! you are a poem of April,
That God endowed with wings."

And so Eben E. Rexford is another lover of the bluebird, as indeed, who is not? But John Burroughs says that "this bird seems incapable of uttering a harsh note, or of doing a spiteful, ill-tempered thing." Why, then, should we not love it? Is not amiability a passport to favor in the bird as well as in the human world?

"The bluebird enjoys the pre-eminence of being the first bit of color that cheers our northern landscape. The other birds that arrive about the same time — the sparrow, the robin, the phoebe bird — are clad in neutral tints, gray, brown or russet; but the bluebird brings one of the primary hues and the divinest of them all."

Some one says of Mr. Burroughs' writings:

"If I mistake not, much of the charm of what he writes is the result of personal familiarity with birds, his tendency to write definitely and always sympathetically of some one bird. And then, too, Mr. Burroughs has the poet's appreciation of the beautiful in the abstract. He knows birds as individuals; he also knows them as spiritual expression, and his appreciation of their moods and temperaments prompts some of his most beautiful passages.

"Among civilized people the most cheerful and happy, if possessed of a benevolent heart . . . who have acquired by habit and education the power of deriving pleasure from the objects that lie immediately about them. But these sources of happiness are open to those only who are endowed with sensibility and who have received a favorable intellectual training."

And this is the reason why I am making these extracts. I want to bring to the notice of those who have the care of the young that upon them — the trainers — depends in a great measure the future of these same young people. It is doubtless true that some are better endowed than others with the gift of sensibility, that some are, as Wilson Flagg suggests, "persons of superior and peculiar refinement of mind," but, as the same author asserts, more depends upon training than heredity. How much, then, of future enjoyment, not to say usefulness, is dependent upon the environment of youth. One who is highly gifted by Nature might, perhaps, become a keen observer and an ardent lover of bird, bee, or blossom, as the interest might turn; but, fortunately, or unfortunately as the case may be, the majority of the human race are born just ordinary individuals, and need pushing or directing. A few may of themselves recognize the voice of "his comrade in

my heart," but the common people need to be taught to listen.

Everything which nature teaches is on the refinement side of life, not to say the safe side. Hear what Mr. Flagg says:

"In proportion as we have been trained to be agreeably affected by the outward forms of nature and the sounds that proceed from animate and inanimate world, are we capable of being happy without resorting to vulgar and costly recreations."

I am convinced that there can scarcely be too much said upon this subject; that educators and parents may well turn much of their attention to the business of teaching the young to listen to Nature's voices. Who would not become heart-poets like some to whom we listen almost with reverence while they speak of the most common, every-day matters? To be sure we must not expect too much of ourselves. All may not become such as they in expression; but what hinders any from opening the inward ear, that all harmonious sounds may be as music?

Moosup Valley, R. I.

WHAT SULPHUR DOES

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The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

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Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

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W. F. M. S. Notes



— The school building in Pekin is almost ready for occupancy.

— Miss Imhoff, of Japan, made a short stay in Boston on her return, via Europe, last month.

— The Branch anniversary will be held in Boston, Oct. 13, 14 and 15. Miss Nichols of Lucknow and Mrs. Miranda Croucher Packard will be the speakers.

— "Rex Christus: An Outline Study of China," was issued from the Macmillan press last week. It is expected that at the conclusion of the India study, which has proved so very helpful, large numbers of our auxiliaries will take up the China course.

— The Bible woman supported by this Branch in Mexico City, though advanced in years, is most zealous in her work. When urged to spare herself, she answers that she could not live without it, and that her prayer is that if it is God's will she may be able to work up to the last of her life.

— There are three millions of women and girls in the Philippine Islands without a knowledge of the Bible. They have been taught to trust in charms and in scapularies, bought from the friars for a large price, or to obtain forgiveness for evasion of the law of the church by the purchase of indulgences. See the leaflet by Dr. Stuntz.

— Mrs. Clancy writes from the Muttra District of the difficulty experienced in reaching the poor Christians in the villages; but she adds: "It is cheering to find in every circuit women and girls who have an intelligent knowledge of why they are Christians and what Jesus has done for them. And many by their shining faces as they answer our questions reveal that theirs is not merely head knowledge, but heart faith. It is also very encouraging to find that idolatry no longer prevails among the Christian communities. Early marriage according to heathen custom is still practiced, but our workers are waging war against it, and in time this will also be given up. We are careful not to lay heavy burdens on our people for which they are not ready, so our teaching is the simplest kind of Gospel which Paul found so useful."

— Dr. Mary Stone and Dr. Ida Kahn, our bright young Chinese workers, are having remarkable success at Kiukiang. Every ward in the hospital is full, and there is a large daily attendance at the dispensary. Dr. Stone is said to visit fifteen hundred homes regularly.

— The set of pictures illustrating "Lux Christi: The Study of India," are proving most helpful in interesting children in Sunday-schools and members of our young people's societies, as well as the women of our study classes. The magnificent photo of the lofty peaks of the Himalayas from Darjeeling deserves to be framed as a constant inspiration, and the portraits of such noble Christian women as Ramabai, Miss Sorabji and Lilaavati Singh are in themselves a strong argument of the value of mission work. The set (as all other supplies for the Mission Study Course) may be obtained from Mrs. Small, Room 16, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, for 20 cents, postpaid.

— The members of this Society who have been studying India's problem can realize what an advance has been made against the degrading *nautch* by the action of the president of the board of trustees of the Kayartha College. On the occasion of his son's marriage, which took place in the college grounds, a *nautch* was one of the festivities. Since this occurrence the father has come out with a public statement of his regret, and has presented 2,000 rupees to the college as a penitential gift. What the mission-

aries have so long protested is coming to be understood by the better classes of natives, and a brighter day dawns for the women of India. It is stated that Lord Curzon, whose successful administration has won the honor of a second term in his high office, does not permit *nautch* entertainments to be given before him.

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Editorial

Continued from page 1140

Chinaman who was recently executed for having killed his father, and with him they put to death the schoolmaster for not having taught the man better morals. The school and the family are certainly very intimately related in all countries, although over here we do not go so far as to hang the pedagogue when the pupil goes astray.

Time will take the bitterness out of any sorrow except the sorrow that has a sin at the heart of it.

At the recent session of the Cincinnati Conference Rev. Drs. A. B. Leonard, J. W. Bashford and W. P. Thirkield were elected to General Conference; and according to the *Commercial Tribune* of Cincinnati, a petition was sent to the General Conference to effect a consolidation of the Eastern and Western Book Concerns in the interest of Methodism throughout the country.

Is it not the chief function of poets to give us lofty interpretations of truth — something distinctly higher and finer than its common applications; to bend down for us, as it were, the highest sun-tasting blossoms in the very top of the tree?

It is a good thing to have a plan for every day formed the day before, even if the plan in many cases has to be broken altogether, or modified in many particulars. So long as it is recognized that God holds the veto power over all plans, and so long as the soul submits humbly to Divine direction, it is perfectly proper to form provisional and conditional programs for coming hours and days; and such system and method, if intelligently followed, will result in the accomplishment of much more work than would otherwise be performed.

It is worth while to be positive about something, even if it involves being independent. What a mush of sycophancy and subserviency is a man who cannot believe or advocate anything unless the adjacent majority endorses it!

Rev. George A. Cooke, of the New England Conference, issues and circulates a pamphlet entitled, "The Present and the Future of Methodism: An Examination of the Teachings of Prof. Borden P. Bowne." His criticisms of Professor Bowne are as untrue and unjust as is this statement concerning ZION'S HERALD: "There are many indications that he directs the policy of ZION'S HERALD." There is positively no warrant for this allegation, as any man knows who has any intimate knowledge of Professor Bowne. He would no more undertake to dictate the policy of ZION'S HERALD than he would accept dictation from another, were he the editor. Never in the fifteen years of the present editor's management has Professor Bowne presumed "to dictate the policy of ZION'S HERALD." Indeed, no man living is to be held responsible for the policy of ZION'S HERALD except its editor. Dr. Bowne is so manly, and so sensitively incarnates the ethical standards of the New Testament, that he could not possibly imagine himself

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doing the things with which he is charged by minds of a lower type.

A quiet and cheerful disposition is the oil that best relieves the friction of life.

A true doctrine is not a dead dogma, but a vitalizing principle. A biblical doctrine is a statement as to God, who, as one has said, "is not with us merely as a thought, but as a life." To condemn all doctrinal teachings without discrimination is to be unintelligent and uninformed. The history of human thought indeed contains the record of numberless misstatements regarding both God and man, but that does not mean that all systematic theology, any more than all physical science or psychology, is vain. The need of the day is for that revivification of Christian experience which comes from a just and discriminating doctrinal preaching; for, as the sapient Moody once said: "The doctrines are but highways that lead to Him."

A new design to prevent horses from running away has been patented by a Nebraskan. With this device the driver of a horse that is running away has only to pull a cord lying parallel with the reins, and a bellows-like curtain is drawn over both eyes, shutting out the sight completely. In this condition the animal can only stand and tremble until the object causing the fright has passed by. The curtain when not in use is housed in a small semicircular leather casing just above the eyes, and the cords are inserted in the bit-rings before passing back with the reins. A horse equipped like that must look like an old-time Pharisee with a phylactery on his forehead. It might be a good thing if some nervous people could wear obscuring hoods like that — for occasional use in times of panic!

The old Presbyterian church in Greenville, Ill., where Robert G. Ingersoll listened to, if he did not profit from, the preaching of the Gospel by his father, Rev. John Ingersoll, has been torn down, after more than sixty years of uninterrupted usefulness. The materials are being carted away and utilized in the erection of a barn. The church was once about to be sold by the sheriff, when Captain Asa L. Saunders, its financial agent, scoured the country for funds, and in Boston raised the last dollar to redeem the church from the officers of the law. Robert G. Ingersoll attended school in the basement of the old church, and proved a bright scholar and a fine grammarian and linguist. He is said to have been particularly gifted in the use of metaphors. He was always more metaphorical than logical, more rhetorical than truly argumentative. He was a grandiose, but not a great, atheist. The wonder is that so godly a father should have had so perverse-minded a son.

A Belated Utterance

THE following random talk is taken from a recent episcopal utterance as reported by one of our leading papers:

"The founders of Methodism had not the training of theological schools. Therefore their preaching was genuine and right from the heart. I do not wish to be put down as against the theological schools, but I do wish all theological schools would create a new chair and call it the chair of common sense. It is needed in the training of young men for the ministry. Some of them actually lose their best traits by too much book learning."

Undoubtedly common sense is needed everywhere, and, judging by experience, it is pre-eminently needed in making episcopal

addresses. This talk to the galleries is fifty years out of date. The Wesleys, Fletcher, Clarke, Watson, and others, who might claim to be founders of Methodism, would not have had much patience with such utterances.

Dr. Neely's Explanation

WE put ourselves to considerable inconvenience in order to publish Dr. Neely's contribution in this issue, as he so urgently requests. As Monday was a holiday, his article was not received until press-day morning. Dr. Neely labors under a delusion (or perhaps several, which we have not the time to point out at this writing). He thinks ZION'S HERALD is not informed concerning the facts in question. Let him frankly consult the editor of any Methodist journal, and he will learn that the editorial fraternity is thoroughly conversant with his mistaken course at Denver, at Chicago, and at Winona. ZION'S HERALD received its information from his Methodist friends, who expressed surprise and grief at the course he had taken.

Dr. Neely's mistakes, very few though they may be, lie along the line of his distinguished abilities and noteworthy excellences, and grow out of them. He is so loyal to his church, so well entrenched in his convictions, has so great influence in the councils of his own denomination, that it is only natural he should put a high value upon his own opinions. He has a right, too, to be supremely well satisfied with his ability to utter his views tersely and vigorously. Indeed, it is because all this is so splendidly true, as we concede, that he is liable to make the very mistake he has made, and is making, in this matter, and also that he should remain totally oblivious of the real situation. To those who know the facts, his explanation will not explain. "A complimentary letter," written by some one holding the same views, settles nothing, for it is not competent evidence. "Applause," even though it be "vigorous, general and prolonged," proves nothing. We have heard the wildest, most inflammatory and anarchistic speeches receive "vigorous, general and prolonged applause." In a single word Dr. Neely gives away his case, and that word is "intensity." He thereby confesses all that is charged against him. With a mistaken conception of the situation, and with a zeal that would be condoned in our General Conference, he spoke to a mixed body representing all denominations, his equals and superiors, as if the chairman and others had some unholy and dangerous scheme that they were trying to work; and, worst of all, he intensified the feeling produced at Denver and at Chicago — that his opposition to the proposition was prompted by "business considerations," as the *Watchman* stated.

We regret his course in this matter, as do so many in our church who have an exalted estimate of his abilities, purity of purpose, and excellent work. We shall refer to the matter again in an early issue.

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